

THE GRAPHIC

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 731.—VOL. XXVIII.

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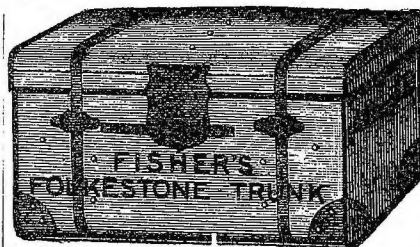
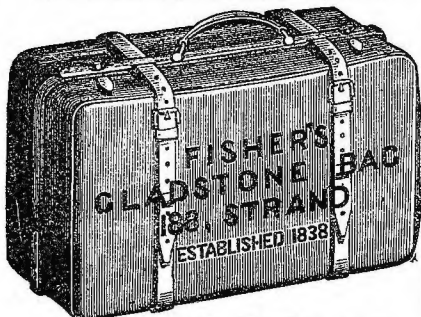


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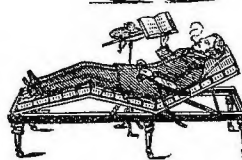
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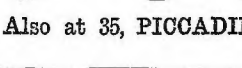
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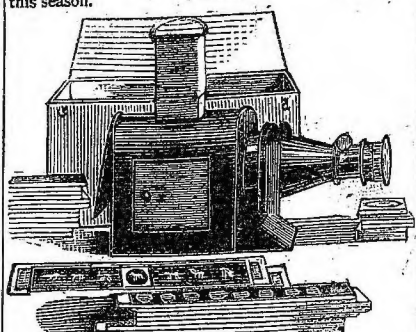
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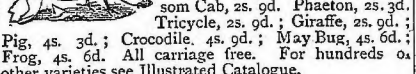
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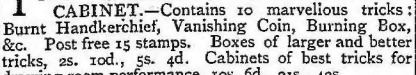
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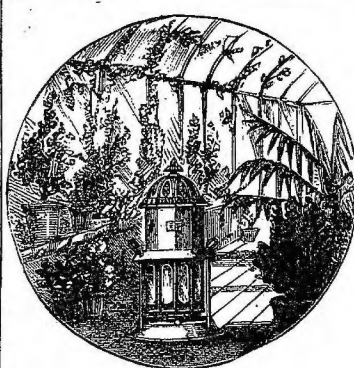
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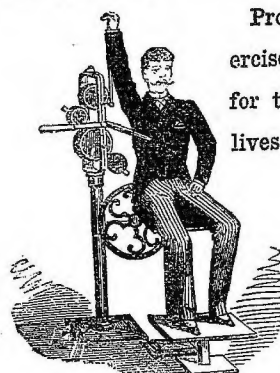
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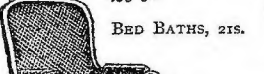
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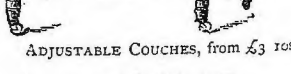
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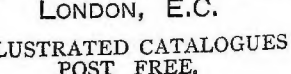
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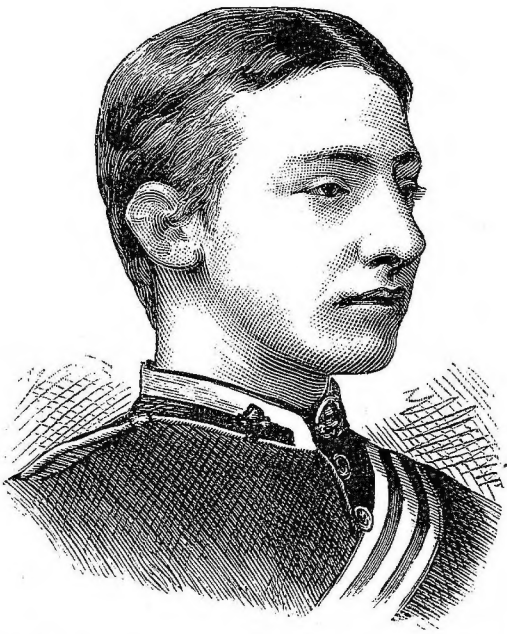
THE GRAPHIC

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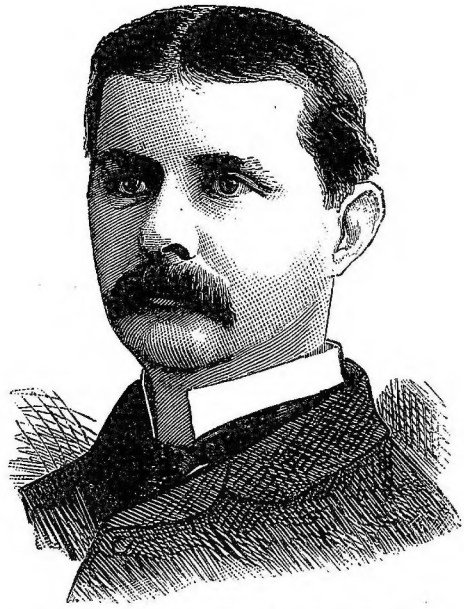
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SAID TO HAVE FALLEN DURING THE RECENT FIGHTING, NOVEMBER 3—5

Topics of the Week

THE SOUDAN.—Lord Hartington's cautious utterances at Manchester induce a hope that by this time our Government has taken to heart the lesson which has been rudely thrust upon their notice by the destruction of the army of Hicks Pasha. The lesson is that if one nation undertakes to meddle with the affairs of another nation, the interference should be complete and effectual. Now, throughout the whole of the Egyptian imbroglio Mr. Gladstone and his colleagues have chosen to look at facts through the distorted medium of a mirage. They pretended to believe, and to make other people believe, that there was no war in Egypt, and, after Tel-el-Kebir, they persisted that, as soon as he had taken a few lessons in constitution-making, the Khedive would be able to hold his own without British assistance. The European residents in Egypt did not share these sanguine views. They looked forward with absolute dismay to the withdrawal of the British garrison. A private letter which we have just received from Alexandria (written, of course, before the Soudan disaster had been reported) seems to take for granted that the European colony will be obliged to leave if the English soldiers should quit the country. The Soudan defeat may actually be a blessing in disguise, if it brushes away the illusions under which our Ministers were labouring. By this time, surely, they must perceive that they, and not His Highness the puppet Tewfik, were really responsible for the expedition. It should never have been allowed to start at all, without precautions being taken to avoid such a defeat as was inflicted on a similar body of troops a year ago. It is too late now to fold our hands and leave the Mahdi to his own devices. He is threatening Khartoum, and before long may threaten Cairo. In the East especially, success begets success, and an almost irresistible wave of Mahomedan enthusiasm may ere long sweep over Northern Africa. But if prompt measures are taken, there need be no cause for panic. The cheapest and speediest way of settling the business would probably be to send, as Sir Samuel Baker recommends, a competent English General to the disturbed region in command of an Indian contingent. If the people of that region are labouring, as is probable, under genuine grievances, they should be redressed. With regard to the slave trade, we venture to say, as we have said before, that it is a mistake to try and put it down by force. The plan is never more than partially successful, and it intensifies the misery of the captives. As in certain countries there is a keen demand for the services of negroes, why should not this demand be legitimately supplied by emigration? Some of the energy which is now wasted in pursuing slave-catchers and slave-dhows might be usefully applied in organising a system similar to that of the coolie emigration to the West Indies.

FRANCE AND CHINA.—It is becoming more and more improbable that France will be able to escape from her difficulties in Tonkin without making an overwhelming display of force. If she were to yield at the present stage of the controversy, it might be said that she did so because she was afraid of China; and France will certainly not expose herself to any humiliation of this kind. We may still hope, however, that war will be avoided; for there seems to be a growing opinion among Frenchmen that when their country has sufficiently demonstrated its power the matters in dispute may be fairly submitted to arbitration. By adopting this course France would win more real honour than by carrying on even a brilliantly successful war. There can be no doubt that if she pleased she might overcome China; but she would not do so without formidable sacrifices, for all the evidence accessible to us tends to show that in the organisation of its military and naval forces the Chinese Government has profited largely by contact with the Western world. Then there is always the possibility that by the blockading of Chinese ports France would suddenly find herself involved in complications with one or other of the European Powers. Does Tonkin offer any prize for which it is worth while to run such risks as these? All Europe says "No," and Frenchmen cannot but be influenced by the general opinion of civilised mankind. There would probably be little difficulty in finding a suitable arbitrator, for as America is most anxious that peace should not be disturbed in regions where she has great commercial interests, the chances are that she would be very willing to place her services at the disposal of the two countries.

POLICE COURT PUBLICITY.—A Frenchman, who had but a moderate confidence in the judicial institutions of his country, said that if he were accused of stealing the towers of Notre Dame he should begin by bolting. If anxious only about his good name he would have had less reason to take this course than an Englishman charged with stealing the dome of St. Paul's; for in France the preliminary examination of an accused person is held in private before a *juge d'instruction*, whereas in England the least that can happen to a man unjustly accused of a grave offence is to have his name and antecedents trumpeted through the country by the newspapers. A recent case, in which a magistrate was made the victim of an unfounded charge, has again raised the question as to whether it is necessary that a person should be

compelled to suffer in reputation simply because he has been so unlucky as this gentleman. We may say at once that the French system is in many respects worse than ours, for it commits a prisoner absolutely to the mercy of the *juge d'instruction*, who is empowered to question him and to keep him in prison for months if there be a difficulty in worming a confession out of him. Such cruel hardships have resulted from this that the French long ago made up their minds that the *instruction secrète* ought to be abolished, and in the last year of the Second Empire a Bill was prepared by M. Emile Ollivier, then Minister of Justice, for rendering the examination of prisoners public as with us. The evil of the French system, however—and it is one which M. Ollivier's innovation would not have remedied—lies in this, that a *juge d'instruction* is expected to frame a perfect indictment; the English magistrate, who is only required to establish a *prima facie* case out of the mouths of witnesses and not from a prisoner's confession, stands in an altogether different position, and might well be trusted to hold private inquiries at his discretion. The proceedings of police-courts ought in fact only to be public in cases where a magistrate sits to convict summarily. Of old it was seldom the practice of magistrates to hold public inquiries touching prisoners whom they meant to commit for trial, and this we can see in the novels of Fielding, himself a magistrate. Even at the time when Bulwer Lytton wrote "Pelham" private examinations must have been customary, for his Sir Reginald Glanville was examined in private on a charge of murder. It would be well again if by law, or by custom among respectable newspapers, it became the rule to publish the names of accused persons only after they had been committed for trial.

MERCHANT SHIPPING REFORMS.—The Board of Trade Memorandum has been read with a keen, but not altogether an agreeable, interest by shipowners. They complain that, if the proposals of the Board are carried out, the honest shipowner will suffer for the sake of the rogue. This is, unfortunately, an objection which applies more or less to all legislation. The liberty of the well-behaved majority is in many matters seriously restricted in order to provide against the misbehaviour of a comparative few. The contention of the Board of Trade is that every year a number of vessels are wrecked which need not be wrecked at all if proper care were taken. And why is not this proper care taken? Because, answers the Board, the liability of the shipowner is so restricted by exceptional laws, and he can recoup himself so handsomely by insurance, that, apart from the possible suffering and loss of life involved, he regards with equanimity either the total loss or the damage of a vessel in which he is interested. In the primitive old days, before insurance was invented, it was far otherwise. Then the merchant whose ship came to grief was cited as a typical example of ruin. Now it is quite otherwise. Who would not sooner have ten thousand pounds paid down in a lump than a nominal ten thousand pounds paid in instalments extending over a lengthened period, involving much trouble in collection, and subject to considerable deductions and losses? Yet the latter represents the case of the shipowner whose vessel gets safe into port; the former represents the case of the (fully-insured) shipowner whose vessel goes to the bottom. Fortunately, shipowners are not fiends, but, as a rule, honest men, or wilful wreckage would be a far commoner crime than it is even now. Enough has been said to show that there is urgent need of reform. This the Board of Trade proposes to apply, not by multiplying official interference, which only tends to relax private persons' vigilance; but by making shipowners, like other employers, responsible for injury to life or limb, and by limiting their amount of insurance, so that it shall be against their interest (instead of for their interest, as it most certainly now is) that their vessels should be lost or damaged.

LORD HARTINGTON AT MANCHESTER.—In glancing through Lord Hartington's speech at Manchester, many Englishmen must have regretted that he does not more frequently attempt to influence the current of political opinion. His cool common sense presents a refreshing contrast to the violence of Radical orators, who invariably claim to be the only true representatives of Liberal principles. The most interesting and suggestive part of his speech was, of course, that in which he dealt with the question of Parliamentary Reform. The country has practically decided that agricultural labourers shall be admitted to the franchise; but Lord Hartington did good service by reminding the constituencies that there are many difficulties connected with the subject which have not yet been thoroughly discussed. In the first place, there is still some doubt whether the questions relating to the extension of the franchise and those relating to redistribution should be dealt with together or separately. When this matter is settled, the principle by which the extension of the franchise is to be regulated will have to be more fully considered. In boroughs occupation gives the right to a vote; in counties the right is derived both from occupation and from the possession of property. In the new system, which of these two methods ought to prevail? Should the property qualification in counties be abolished, or should it be introduced into boroughs? Lord Hartington seems to be in favour of the latter solution; and, in support of his view, it may be said that the property qualification in boroughs would, to some extent, provide a check upon the growing

power of mere "numbers." On the other hand, the creation of faggot votes has always been regarded as a serious abuse; and the property qualification would inevitably lead to the same scandals in boroughs as those to which it has led in counties. Even if this difficulty were overcome, an even more perplexing question would remain—the question, namely, whether the franchise in Ireland should be immediately assimilated to the franchise in England and Scotland. None of these aspects of Parliamentary Reform have yet been properly examined; but it may be hoped that, before the opening of the next Session, Lord Hartington's example in frankly debating the subject will be followed by other Liberal leaders.

THE DWELLINGS OF THE MIDDLE CLASS.—We have heard a good deal about the dwellings of the poor; it may be time to say something about the queer houses occupied by a large section of the middle classes in London. We need not perhaps waste much sympathy on people who rush into newly-built villas, of which the walls are still damp, and thereby condemn themselves to rheumatism, ague, or consumption, for every sane man knows what he risks in going to dwell in a house with wet walls. At the same time, it may be questioned whether any man, regardless of his own health, has a right to inflict rheumatism on his children. But a more interesting class than the denizens of new, reeking villas, are the people who hire decrepit houses, and live at continual strife with their landlords in trying to get these places repaired. The defects of a house are seldom revealed to its inmates until they have tenanted it for some little time. On preliminary inspection every house to let looks water-tight, and unimpeachable as to drains. A man must have considerable experience before he can spy out faults at a glance; most people who are not rich enough to pick and choose take their houses at haphazard, satisfied with the clause in their lease which compels the landlord to execute all necessary repairs. But when rain begins to leak through a roof, when walls crack, and floors give way, when drains get choked, and there is no peace on the hearth by reason of smoky chimneys, then the landlord's cry is that the tenant wants more to be spent in repairs than he pays in rent. This is true as to many houses, which have been so patched and cobbled that every new repair only has the effect of starting a fresh crack somewhere else. It is not easy to suggest a remedy for this state of things, which causes an immense amount of misery and irritation to thousands; but a step will have been made in the right direction when every house to let shall be thoroughly examined by an inspector of dwellings having the power to certify it as unfit for habitation, if it should seem that before the expiry of the lease it will require more repairing than the landlord can be expected to execute having regard to the rent.

EVACUATION DAY.—The Americans, like ourselves, are not remarkable for the picturesqueness of their social observances. Existence is earnest and drab-tinted, it lacks that charm of colour and leisureliness which still obtains in Southern Europe. But the Americans make up for these shortcomings by the thoroughness of certain public ceremonials. Some of our readers may scarcely be aware that during the last seven years our cousins over the water have been celebrating the hundredth anniversary of the War of Independence by a series of mimic presentments of the actual scenes of that ever-to-be-lamented conflict. They have skirmished at Lexington (where the first blood of the war was spilt); climbed the heights of Bunker's Hill; received Lord Cornwallis's surrender at Yorktown; witnessed the disbandment of the Continental Army at Newburg; and, finally, have seen (on the 25th November) the British forces evacuate New York. This was the last noteworthy event of the war, as from that moment the United States were absolutely free to shape their own destinies, and not one of King George's redcoats remained on the soil. John Bull has taken these celebrations very good-humouredly, and, we may venture to add, rather indifferently. Few, even among fairly-educated people on this side of the Atlantic, are accurately acquainted either with the events or the causes of the struggle which lost us the Thirteen Colonies. In this country the general feeling is that we were more in the wrong than the Americans, but that the subject is neither very pleasant nor very interesting, and had better be relegated to the obscurity of historical manuals. The Americans naturally feel very differently; they are interested as a child is interested in its birthday, for it was during these momentous seven years that the Americans, as a nation distinct from the rest of the world, came into being. The remembrance of their own Civil War has, however, softened their sentiments towards this country; they were pleased at the hearty appreciation shown by Englishmen for the courage and capacity shown both by North and South during that gigantic struggle; and they also perceived, for the first time, that George the Third and his advisers had some justification for regarding Rebellion as both a crime and a calamity.

ENGLAND AND THE TRANSVAAL.—Mr. Forster deserves the thanks of all who wish to promote the true welfare of South Africa for the masterly speech he delivered the other day in the Mansion House. The real meaning of the claims of the Transvaal has not been so powerfully set forth by any other statesman; and there can be no doubt that his statement of the case has produced a very strong impression on

public opinion. The Transvaal delegates emphatically assert that there is no slavery in their country; but those unfortunate persons who have to work for Boers without payment, and who are not allowed to move freely from place to place, may be excused for thinking they are practically slaves, whether they are called by that name or not. How can England honourably relax the hold she retains over a country in which the system of forced labour still exists? "It is no business of ours," we are told; but that is to beg the whole question. On behalf of the native population of the Transvaal we have undertaken very serious responsibilities; and to hand over these poor people absolutely to the tender mercies of their oppressors would be to violate some of the best and most inspiring traditions of English policy. As regards Bechuanaland, it seems almost incredible that any British Government, and especially any Liberal Government, should consent even to discuss the question whether it ought to belong to the Boers. We have solemnly promised to protect the Bechuanas; and, by their loyalty to us in times of embarrassment, they have amply established a claim upon our generosity, even if it could be admitted that our pledges were not in themselves binding. It is urged that by resisting any of the demands of the delegates England may involve herself in another petty war, but if she is sure that she has justice on her side that can hardly be considered an overwhelming argument. Besides, it is almost certain that were Mr. Gladstone to speak firmly the Boers would speedily contrive to reconcile themselves to the inevitable.

BEER ADULTERATION.—A correspondent of the *Times*, who knows much about beer, warns us that Parliament can do nothing to stop the adulteration of that national beverage. If the law insisted that beer should be made of malt and hops only "all progress would vanish," for it may be found possible to improve the quality of beer by new ingredients. Formerly hops were regarded as an adulteration. Three centuries ago, when this plant first came to us from the Netherlands, doctors pronounced it noxious; but its use found favour with the public, and so it has been with other things since—sugar, raw grain extract, and various chemical compounds which the authority whom we have quoted thinks have, on the whole, improved beer. This is a matter of opinion, but we would rather hold to the rule that the term "beer" should be confined to the drink made of malt and hops. Let drinks brewed from other things bear other names. The argument that the public may be left to take care of itself can never hold good where the sale of food and drink is concerned. A jeweller is checked from selling nine carat gold as eighteen carat, and a draper from retailing cotton velvet as silk velvet, because their customers can return with the spurious article and prove that a fraud has been committed; but when a man has tossed off a glass of "progressive" beverage paid for as beer, there is an end of the matter. He cannot sue his deceiver for the internal pangs which he has suffered, and he has not even the consolation of feeling that he will be safe by avoiding that particular publican for the future, since the "beer of progress" may await him at other houses. The *Times* correspondent admits that the ale made from malt and hops only is bright and exhilarating, whereas the beer made with saccharine compounds produces a "muddlesome sort of headiness." Well then, call this drink "muddles," and let it be available under that name for all who like it. The great point for which we must stickle is that when we go for a glass of beer as a tonic the publican should not be allowed to dose us with "muddles" as being exactly the same thing.

TRAMWAYS AND ROADWAYS.—That there is one equal law for rich and poor may be theoretically true, but is practically false. Even in municipal matters there is a great difference. Hideous railway arches are suffered to span the streets in poor districts, telegraph wires cross the thoroughfares at all sorts of angles, the unsightly gaps caused by the removal of houses for railway cuttings are left in their original deformity. Such outrages at the West End would arouse a flood of newspaper complaints and questions in Parliament, but the poor have little leisure, and not much penmanship, and so they dumbly endure these grievances, which probably they do not feel very keenly. The tramway projector, too, has it all his own way in the poorer quarters; nobody opposes his invasion, and the labouring folk ride in his cars, and appear to find them rather a convenience than otherwise. But at the West End it is not so. The West End is nothing if not genteel, and tramways are far too vulgar for such exalted regions. Now, we thoroughly sympathise with the conveners of the meeting held on Monday evening at Messrs. Tattersall's Rooms, in their opinion that tramways are nuisances. They are very serious nuisances to every one who drives in anything excepting a tramcar. The wheels of all other vehicles are liable to get "skidded" in the rails; a violent wrench is often the result, and sometimes a fracture of an axle-tree, with a consequent overturn, follows. But these objections apply to tramways, wherever they are, north or south. It must be admitted that the cars are very convenient and popular forms of conveyance, and the point is whether their advantages in this respect do not outweigh the undoubted inconvenience which they inflict on the drivers of other vehicles. At all events, sauce for the goose should be sauce for the gander, and if the denizen of the West End uses the tramways of Brixton, Kentish Town, or Bow, why should he deny the benighted

dwellers in those regions a similar privilege when they visit his sacred quarter? What would he say if he lived in Highgate, where an abominable Steep Grade Tramway is about to climb the hill, and deprive "the Village" (as it is locally called) of the rural aspect which till now it has presented? A word on a kindred subject. Our roads, as bicyclists know too well, are not what they ought to be. They have terribly deteriorated since the days of coaches and turnpikes. They are always out of repair, and are always being mended. Why? Chiefly because unduly large stones are used. The old rule was that every stone should be rejected which would not go through a two-inch ring. The present method (judging from our own personal observation) is enough to make Macadam turn in his grave. There is a sensible letter, we are glad to see, in Monday's *Times* on this subject.

A "SURVIVAL."—A singular case of "survival" in the law of the land has just been brought under public notice. Some time ago Mrs. Weldon applied for, and obtained, a decree of restitution of conjugal rights. Mr. Weldon provided for her a furnished house, and offered to make her an adequate allowance, but he declined to live under the same roof with her, on the ground that they could not live together without making one another miserable. His wife was dissatisfied with this arrangement, and Sir James Hannen has decided, as he obviously could not help doing, the law being what it is, that Mr. Weldon must obey the order of the Court or go to gaol. Surely the law which renders such a decision as this imperative is a very barbarous survival of an ancient system. It sprang originally from the Roman Catholic conception of marriage as a sacrament, and it would not have been surprising if it had been retained in countries where that conception is still held by the majority of the population. Even in Roman Catholic countries, however, it seems to have been abandoned; England alone, in this matter, has gone on as if we were still living in the Middle Ages. Probably most people who had heard of the law fancied that it had become a dead letter. Now that it is known to be still in operation there ought to be no delay in abolishing it. Even the opponents of the Deceased Wife's Sister Bill could not argue for so gross an anomaly; nor would it be defended by the upholders of women's rights, since it might cause quite as much unhappiness to wives as in the present instance it is causing to a husband.

PLAYS AND PLAYHOUSES.—The careless drafting of Acts of Parliament is a subject of long-standing complaint with all except lawyers. It is strange that our Legislature in the seventh century of its existence should not yet have settled for us what is "a place of dramatic entertainment." The Court of Appeal may perhaps decide, after all, that any house where a stage-play is performed becomes a theatre for the time being. To amateur dramatic associations and to promoters of private theatricals this is a matter of serious interest. Obviously a theatre must have been intended by Parliament to mean a place where dramatic entertainments are habitually given for the sake of profit accruing to the management; but it may be found as difficult to put this into the language of law as it was to define a householder when the last Reform Bill was passed. A solution of the difficulty might perhaps be obtained by giving local authorities power to grant temporary licences for the holding of dramatic entertainments for charitable objects. This is the practice in France, where people who wish to organise a charity bazaar, or theatricals in any public building, have to inform the police of their intention. A mere declaration is enough, the permission is given as a matter of course, provided the applicants be respectable persons, and the effect of the leave is to absolve the Charity from all obligations incurred by professional entertainers. As to copyright, however, it is usual in France for persons who want to perform a play to apply to the "Société des Auteurs et Compositeurs Dramatiques," which takes charge of authors' interests. This body always waives its dues when it may serve a good purpose by so doing.



THE NATIONAL DOG SHOW.

The TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL EXHIBITION will be held in CURZON HALL, Birmingham, on December 3rd, 4th, 5th, and 6th. The PRIVATE VIEW on MONDAY NEXT, December 3rd; admission to 3 o'clock, 5s., from 3 till 5, 2s. 6d.; after that hour, 1s. On TUESDAY, 1s. On WEDNESDAY, up to 5 p.m., 1s., and from 5 to 9, 6d. On THURSDAY, 1s. Children half price, excepting on Wednesday from 5 to 9 p.m. Doors open at 9.30 a.m., and close at 9 p.m. On Thursday doors close at 5 and the Show at 5.30. For Excursion Trains see local railway bills.

Temple Row, Birmingham. GEORGE BEECH, Secretary.

THE BIRMINGHAM CATTLE AND POULTRY SHOW, 1883.

The THIRTY-FIFTH GREAT ANNUAL EXHIBITION OF FAT CATTLE, SHEEP, PIGS, POULTRY, CORN, ROOTS, AND IMPLEMENTS, will be held in Bingley Hall, Birmingham, on SATURDAY, December 1. Admission to witness the Judging, 10s.; MONDAY, December 3, 5s.; TUESDAY, December 4, 1s.; WEDNESDAY, December 5, and THURSDAY, December 6, 1s. till Five o'clock; after that hour, 6d. For Excursion Trains and other special arrangements see the advertisements and the bills of the various Companies.

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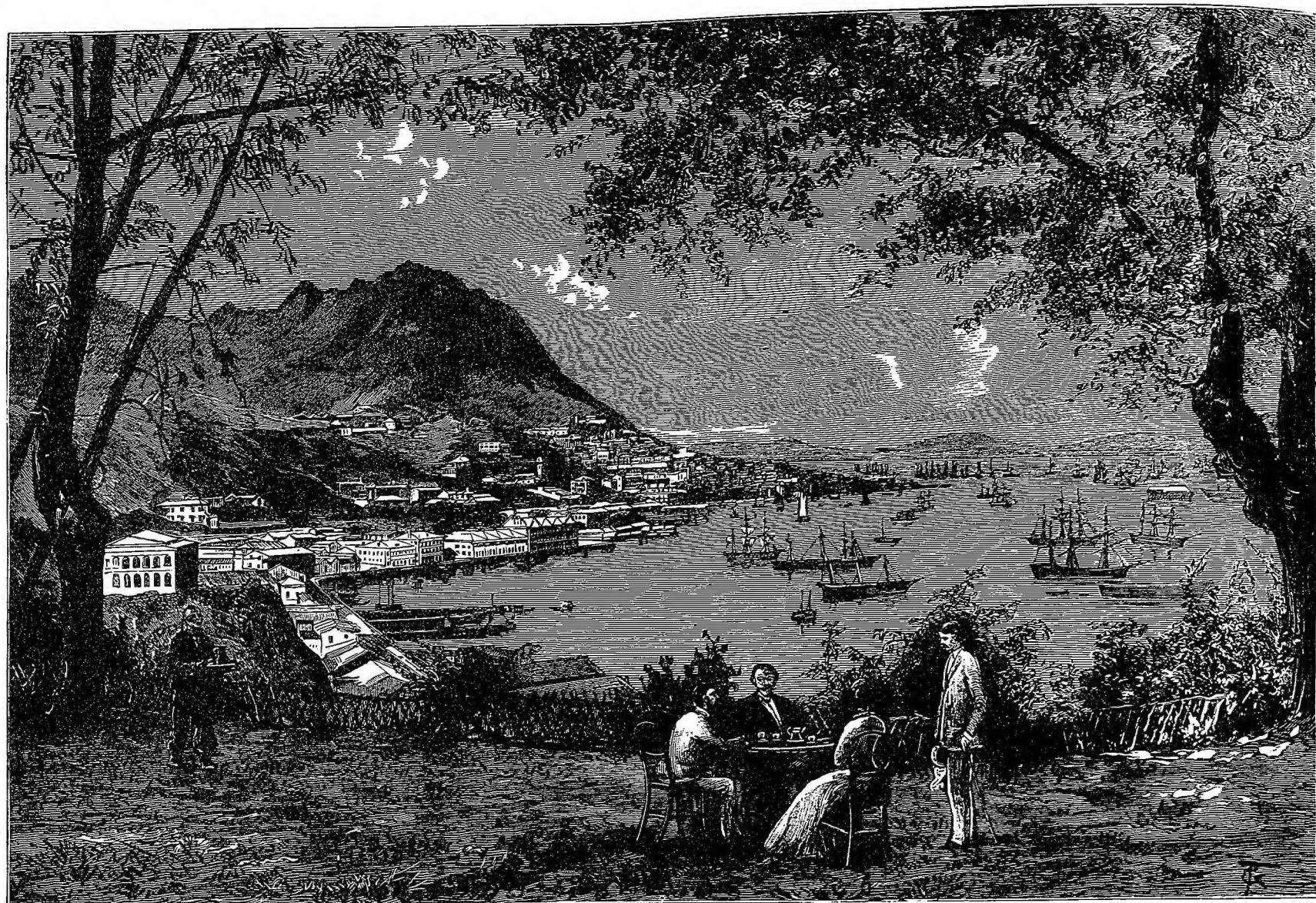
THE DISASTER IN THE SOUDAN

HISTORY OF THE SOUDAN

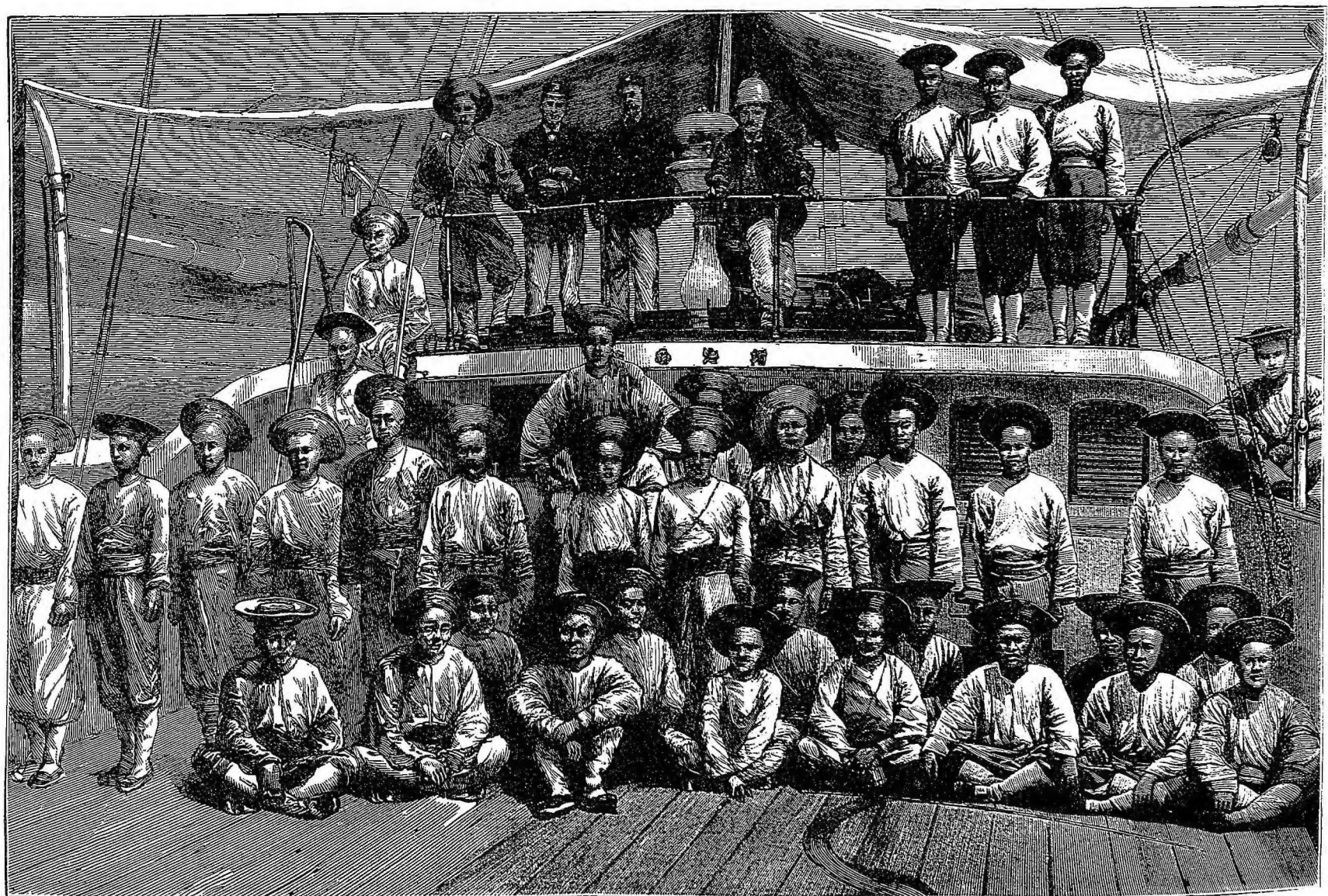
THE Egyptian Soudan, or "Land of the Blacks," which for the past few years has been in a chronic state of insurrection, is an extensive territory lying to the south of Egypt proper. It may be said to reach from Assouan (the first cataract of the Nile) on the North to the equator on the South—a distance of 1,650 miles, and from the boundary of the Darfur province on the west to Massowah, on the Red Sea, some 1,800 miles wide. The population in the northern portion consists mainly of nomad Arabs, and in the south of negroes, who, while professing Islamism, are practically little better than pagans. Both Arabs and negroes, however, possess a considerable spirit of independence, and in the early part of the present century were divided into numerous tribes, each ruled by its own petty sovereign. When, however, Mehmet Ali became Viceroy of Egypt, he turned his eyes southwards, and partly to occupy his troops, and partly, doubtless, attracted by the wealth of ivory and slaves, which formed the staple export of that district, despatched an expedition to subjugate the tribes. After some sharp fighting Senaar and Kordofan were subdued, and from that time the Egyptians have ever sought to extend their boundary. In 1871 Sir Samuel Baker commanded an expedition to put down the slave trade, which at that time flourished unchecked, and the ex-Khedive Ismail—Sir Samuel Baker tells us—"thus risked a revolution in the Soudan by crushing that hateful institution in respect for British sentiment." To this end Ismail annexed the Equatorial provinces, and the following year united them, together with the Soudan and Darfur, into one administrative province, called the Soudan. The tribes, however, have never taken kindly to Egyptian rule, though there was a comparatively tranquil period when Colonel ("Chinese") Gordon was subsequently despatched to the district by the Khedive. That officer, both by his sword and speech, gained a singular personal influence among all classes, but no sooner did he quit the country than the dislike of the Khedivial domination again began to manifest itself, and the Soudanese showed themselves eager to seize the first opportunity to recover their independence.

MAHOMED ACHMET THE MAHDI

THAT opportunity was not long delayed, as in 1881 a leader arose in the person of a fanatic sheik, who announced himself as the "Mahdi," or Regenerator of Mahomedanism, whose advent is foretold in the Koran. This personage, Colonel Stewart tells us in his able report on the Soudan, was a native of the province of Dongola, is the son of a carpenter, and bears the name of Mahomed Achmet. He was apprenticed to an uncle, but ran

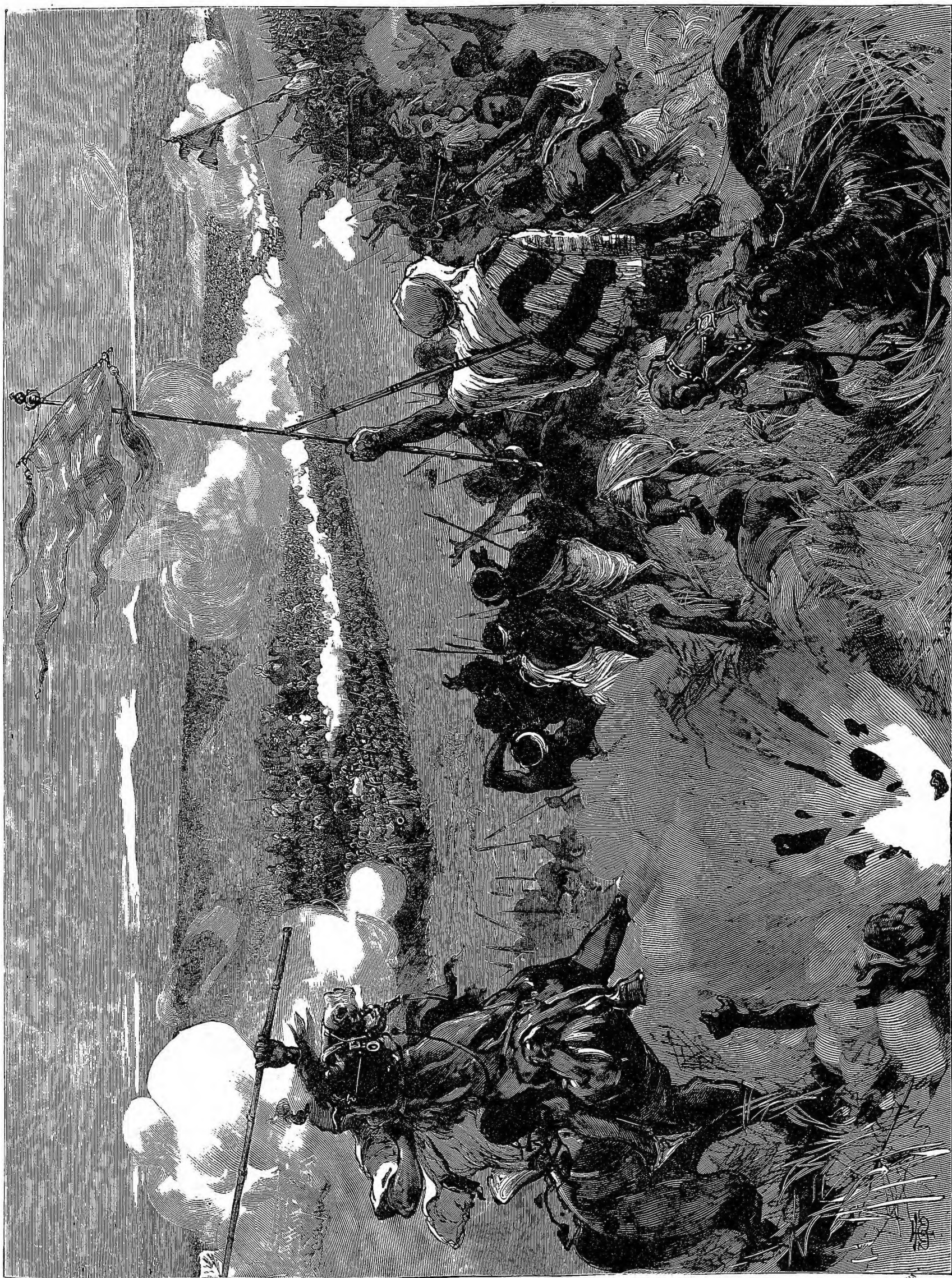


GENERAL VIEW OF VICTORIA, HONG-KONG



FOREIGN-DRILLED CREW OF A CHINESE GUN-VESSEL

THE IMPENDING WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND CHINA



THE SUDAN EXPEDITION — THE BATTLE OF ASSALIA BETWEEN THE EGYPTIAN TROOPS AND THE FORCES OF THE MAHDI, APRIL 29, 1883
FROM A SKETCH BY COLONEL THE HON. I. COLBORNE, ONE OF THE BRITISH OFFICERS WITH HICKS PASHA'S SUDAN FIELD FORCE

away, and joined a free religious school, and afterwards became the disciple of a sheik, by whom he also was ordained into the order. Mahomed Achmet then retreated into a cave, and soon obtained a great reputation for sanctity. In May, 1881, he announced himself as the Mahdi foretold by Mahomet, and declared that he had a divine mission to reform Islam, to establish a universal equality, a universal law, a universal religion, and a community of goods, and that all who did not believe in him should be destroyed—be they Christian, Mahomedan, or Pagan. This, together with the fact that he was gathering together an army of disciples, speedily attracted the attention of the Egyptian authorities, and as he declined an invitation to go to Khartoum at the request of the Governor of the Soudan—then Reouf Pasha—the latter despatched an expedition against him. The defeat of this on December 9th, 1881, enhanced his fame, and thousands began to flock to his banner from all parts. Early in 1882 Abd-el-Kader Pasha, who had then assumed the Governorship of the Soudan, despatched a stronger expedition under Yussuf Pasha, but this again, in the ensuing June, was surprised and defeated by the Mahdi at Gebill Geon. During the revolt of Arabi and the subsequent campaign of the British numerous battles took place round Obeid, to which the Mahdi laid vigorous siege. Three times did he make the assault, and three times was he repulsed—losing 10,000 men in the last onset on September 6th. In December he raised the siege, but on January 15th of the present year he again advanced, and Obeid surrendered unconditionally.

HICKS PASHA AND THE PRESENT EXPEDITION

THE Egyptian authorities now became seriously alarmed, and every effort was made to organise a strong expeditionary force which should be able to crush the insurrection. To this effect reinforcements were sent to Khartoum, and the disbanded soldiers of Arabi's army were re-enlisted and despatched to the front. Several British officers were also given commands in the expeditionary force, which was practically placed under the command of Colonel Hicks, who was created a Pasha and Chief of the Staff, Abd-el-Kader still retaining the nominal command. Hicks Pasha started from Cairo early in February, being accompanied by Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne, Colonel de Coetlogon, Colonel Farquhar, Major Martin, Captain Warner, Captain Massey, Surgeon-Major Rosenberg, M.D., and Mr. Edward Baldwin Evans. They proceeded by sea to Suakim, the port on the Red Sea from which the shortest route lies to the Soudan. Thence, on February 13th, Hicks Pasha and his colleagues started on their march to Khartoum, or rather for Berber, on the Nile, whence the journey to Khartoum would be performed by water. "This," wrote Colonel Colborne, from whom we received sketches by the way, "was a ride of several hundred miles through as wild a desert as there is in the world. The caravans consisted of about 150 dromedaries and camels, carrying tents, water, and provisions. A hundred and fifty Bashi-Bazouks had started the day before, and as these gentlemen, though fine soldierlike-looking fellows, and probably admirable fighting material, are slightly inclined to be too free and easy in country quarters, a detachment of eighty Egyptian troops escorted Hicks Pasha and his Staff. The bedouins were reported to be prowling about the hills, so that stragglers were strictly forbidden, though nothing was seen of them during the thirteen days' march, the whole tract of desert being for the most part unfrequented by man or quadruped, with the exception of the caravans occasionally travelling between Berber and Suakim."

The journey through what our correspondent called the "howling wilderness of the Berber desert" occupied from February 13 to February 29, when Berber was reached, and was chiefly performed on camel-back. The discomfort of the ride was amusingly described by Mr. O'Donovan, the correspondent of the *Daily News*. At first, for some days, the road lay through a mountain gorge, a "wilderness of rock, mountain, and stone," the gate of the desert; and then across a huge plain of sand and rock, studded here and there with welcome oases. There the Indian-file formation which had been followed through the mountain pass was changed, as one of our illustrations shows, into that of two lines. Another portrays a midnight ride of Hicks Pasha, who is preceded by a Hassan Sheik, who had the district under his jurisdiction, and who accompanied the officers with a number of armed retainers carrying shields, spears, and rifles. The desert, Colonel Colborne wrote, is a dreary waste, and but few living creatures were met by the way, though the officers succeeded in shooting some sand grouse, while ring and turtle doves were also described. The chief inhabitants of the desert, however, were vultures, who subsist on the carcasses of the camels which fall out dying from the ranks of the caravans. Another incident depicted is a "Midday Halt," which represents a temporary rest for lunch of General Hicks and his Staff between Handokh and Singat; Colonel Hicks may be distinguished in the centre. The large trees described by Colonel Colborne as the *Acacia spinosa*. The plain was exceedingly arid; but the halt was made under somewhat favourable circumstances, there having been time to erect tents; while the neighbourhood of a range of hills relieved the monotony of the landscape.

AT KOWA

FROM Berber Hicks Pasha at once proceeded to Khartoum, where he arrived early in March, and lost no time in organising and despatching reinforcements up the White Nile—sending on in advance several of his officers to Kowa, a fort some 120 miles from Khartoum. Here Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne landed on April 1st, and presented his despatches, Hicks Pasha following a week later. Various reconnaissances were then made, and all preparations were made for an advance in force.

Our sketch represents Colonel Colborne and Colonel de Coetlogon marching out of Kowa Fort to co-operate against the rebels at Gebellem with General Hicks, who with Colonel Farquhar and Captain Massey had gone up the river in an armed steamer.

THE BATTLE OF ASSALIA

ON April 29th a noteworthy battle took place at Assalia, about twenty-five miles south of Kowa, in which Hicks Pasha, with 4,000 troops, defeated a body of 5,000 insurgents. Of this we publish an engraving from Colonel Colborne's sketch. He writes:—"The army marched from Kowa on the 26th April, spies and friendly chiefs having brought us news that we were to be attacked on the following morning. During the day we marched in square, having woods and the Nile on our right. On the 29th, after we had marched about four miles from our encampment, which we left at seven that morning, intelligence was brought by Colonel Farquhar and Captain Massey, who had reconnoitred, that some thousands of the enemy were rapidly approaching. In five minutes we saw them emerging from the bush, and over a slight rise, and coming on in swarms—four mounted chiefs leading them, carrying standards. We opened fire at 800 yards without much effect, but at 500 yards they began to tumble over by the score. With the greatest sang froid they came up to within a few paces, but the tremendous file-firing thinned the ranks rapidly. The chiefs were down, those whose horses only were killed advanced gallantly on foot. Their followers wavered, our men gave a cheer, and they retired to our left into the long grass. When the smoke cleared the ground was strewn with slain. When the wounded were carried away some extraordinary episodes occurred. Two men were seen lying ten yards in front. An Egyptian soldier was told by his officer to go to them. On his approach up sprang one and speared him, luckily the officer cut him down, the other was at once upon him, but the officer gave this second antagonist a blow on the forehead;

both the Arabs were then shot. Another Arab coolly walked up to within ten yards of us, and when told to lay down his spear brandished it in defiance. Call this valour, infatuation, madness, or what you will, such cool determination and such utter disregard of certain death has seldom been equalled on the battle-field. The chiefs were noble fellows, and fought with a gallantry worthy of the knights of old. Among the faces of the dead there was not one Soudanese to be seen. This is worthy of note. They were all Arabs of brown and not of black complexion. Our loss was slight, two men only being killed by bullets, though not many shots were fired by the enemy." The English officers present were Hicks Pasha, Colonel Colborne, Colonel de Coetlogon, Colonel Farquhar, and Captain Massey (both of these latter officers were indefatigable in their reconnoitring, for as far as the English officers had to do this). Captain Evans, Dr. Rosenberg, Lieutenant (late Sergeant-Major) Morris Brodie had command of the Nordenfeldts, and Suleiman Pasha commanded the Egyptian troops under General Hicks. Major Seckendorff, an Austrian officer, was also present. A *Daily News* correspondent also bears testimony to the unflinching fanatical courage of the Mahdi's troops. The Egyptians when attacked invariably formed a double company square, with the camels and baggage inside, and upon this the Soudanese precipitated themselves heedless of consequences. "We had formed a vast square, and halted, a tremendous fusillade was opened from our front force, apparently without effect, for they still came on gallantly, but at 500 yards they began to fall fast. The rebels were commanded by Amer Makushiji, who with another leader, Cheik el Araku, had only recently been sent from Kordofan. . . . After an hour's continued rattle of musketry, seeing their chiefs fallen, and the banners in the dust, the advancing hordes wavered, and were greeted with a tremendous howl from our troops, who had stood firmly and unflinchingly. . . . Twelve of the most prominent leaders, nine from Senaar and three from Kordofan, have left their bones to whiten on the battle field." Had the rebels succeeded in breaking the square the Egyptians might have given themselves up for lost.

THE LAST ADVANCE

FROM that time until the beginning of September Hicks Pasha devoted all his energies to consolidating his force and preparing for the advance. Owing, also, to the difficulties which had arisen from the command-in-chief devolving upon Abd-el-Kader, the latter was recalled, and Hicks Pasha appointed sole commander. His force then consisted of some 7,000 infantry, 130 cuirassiers, 300 Bashi-Bazouk cavalry, and a small force of artillery. On September 13th he started for Duem, where we hear of him from Mr. Frank Vizetelly, an artist who forwarded us numerous sketches of the expedition, Colonel Colborne having been compelled to return to Cairo on sick leave. Mr. Vizetelly wrote in his last letter, September 25th, that the entire expeditionary force was in excellent spirits, and that it was not the Mahomedan or his fanatical followers that were feared, but the scarcity of water. Owing to this the General's plans had been all altered, and another route to Obeid was adopted, which increased the distance 100 miles, so that, instead of a march of 120 miles to Obeid, a journey of 220 would have to be undertaken. In consequence the camels were reduced from 5,000 to 3,000. Fears were entertained also that the tribes would close all communications as the force advanced—apprehensions which were only too truly realised. On September 26th the force started forward, and in a telegram from Mr. O'Donovan to the *Daily News*, dated October 10th, from Sange Hamferid Camp, forty-five miles southwest of El Duem, it was stated that the expedition had halted owing to the uncertainty of the water supply, and that a reconnaissance of thirty miles forward by Colonel Farquhar had ascertained that the pools were barely sufficient for a rapid march to the village of Sarakna, where there were a few wells. "The enemy is still retreating, and sweeping the country bare of cattle."

The last telegram received from Hicks Pasha was dated October 17th. In this he states that "the army is twenty miles from Nourabi. We have depended on the pools of rain water. Fortunately we have found by reconnaissances that water is ensured as far as Serakhoua. The guides' information is vague. I regret abandoning the intention of establishing posts and a line of communication. The Governor-General informs me that the Arabs will close in after the army has passed and prevent supplies; besides the pools will dry up. Water is not obtainable, except by digging wells. There is no information regarding Sarakna Nombi, nor the supply there. This causes anxiety. I quite expected the enemy at Sarakna, but by a reconnaissance to-day I found the place evacuated. The health of the troops is good. This is fortunate, as there are no sick to carry. The heat is intense." This is the last authentic news which has been received of the expedition, but rumours of a disaster which were floating in the air were confirmed last week by the arrival at Khartoum of a Copt spy, who had been able to escape through the enemy's ranks in the disguise of a dervish. According to his account Hicks Pasha encountered a strong body of the enemy during the last days of October at Melbas near Obeid, and at first gained a success. Led by a treacherous guide, however, into a mountain defile at Kashgate, on November 3rd, the whole force fell victims to an ambush. As far as can be gathered the Egyptians fought bravely for three days, but they were deprived of water and decimated by the artillery of the enemy on the heights above, and at the end of the third day the whole force—according to some reports—amounting to 11,000 men, was annihilated, while other rumours say that Mr. Vizetelly and fifty men were made prisoners and taken into Obeid. Yet another account states that numbers of the troops were spared on consenting to join the Mahdi's army. With Hicks Pasha were the Governor of the Soudan, Aladeen Pasha, Major Seckendorff (Hicks Pasha's Adjutant, and an Austrian officer), Majors Warner, Herlth, and Anataga, Captain Massey, Surgeon-General Georges Bey, Surgeon Rosenberg, Lieut. Morris Brodie, late Sergeant-Major R.H.A., Mr. O'Donovan, the correspondent of the *Daily News*, and Mr. Frank Vizetelly. Colonel Colborne and Major Walker were at Cairo on sick leave; Major Martin having also returned to England for the same reason. Mr. Power, another correspondent, had been left behind on account of ill-health, while Colonel de Coetlogon had remained with the reserves at Khartoum, where on receipt of the news of the disaster he rapidly organised the defence of the city by calling in the garrisons from the outlying posts.

THE BATTLE OF OCT. 18TH

ON October 18th an encounter took place in the mountain defile at Singat, twenty miles south of Suakim, between a body of Arabs and a force of Egyptian soldiers, who were on their way to reinforce Singat, the Soudan sanatorium, thirty-two miles south of Suakim. Two officers and 166 soldiers were killed. Our illustration is from a sketch by Colonel Colborne, who, being on sick leave at Cairo, of course, was not present during the action, but was acquainted with the features of that particular defile, through which he had passed a short time previously with Hicks Pasha. He writes:—"The troops had just struck tents at early dawn, and proceeded unsuspectingly without either flank patrols or advance or rear guards—their order of march when not commanded by English officers—when they were attacked just as they entered a ravine twenty-five miles from Suakim by Bisherine and Hadendor Arabs. With the exception of eight soldiers who escaped to Suakim, the whole force was massacred, including an Egyptian major and captain."

CONSUL MONCRIEFF AND THE BATTLE OF NOVEMBER 6TH

ON November 6th, while some reinforcements, numbering 350 men and a field gun, were on their way from Suakim to the front they were attacked at Toka, forty-five miles south of that town. Commander Moncrieff, R.N., the British Consul at Suakim, accompanied the troops, but was not in command of them, as has been stated. On the attack by the rebels, however, Consul Moncrieff did his best to defend both himself and the Egyptians. The troops are stated to have behaved disgracefully as soon as the square was broken, and to have thrown away their arms in their flight, but Consul Moncrieff was last seen with four Greeks, gallantly fighting against enormous odds, being ultimately overpowered, dragged from his horse, and cut to pieces. Commander Lynedoch Neill, late Sub-Lieutenant of the *Pelorus*, was engaged in the destruction of piratical junks in Tungroa Bay. He became Lieutenant in 1865, and in 1873 retired with the rank of Commander. On the outbreak of the Zulu War Commander Moncrieff served with the native contingent from May, 1879, to the close of the campaign, being slightly wounded at the battle of Ulundi. His services were officially commended at the close of the campaign. In 1880 he was nominated Consul at Cayenne, but was subsequently sent to Jeddah. In 1882 he was appointed Consul at Suakim.—Our portrait is from a photograph by A. Bassano, 72, Piccadilly.

HICKS PASHA

COLONEL HICKS commenced his career in the Bombay Fusiliers, and served in Bengal in 1857-9 as staff-officer to the Punjab moveable column. He also served in the Kohilund campaign with Major-General Penny's forces, and subsequently took part in the subjugation of Oude. He next served under Lord Clyde, and commanded the right wing of the 1st Belooch Ballalidis, was attached to Brigadier Horsford's brigade, previously to, and on the passage of the Kapree into Nepal, at the defeat of the enemy at Sikh Ghaut, and capture of their guns. He was next employed on the Staff till the outbreak of the Abyssinian War, during which he held the post of Brigade-Major, retiring, after Magdaia, to Poonah, where, the *Daily News* tells us, he served on the Staff of the then Commander-in-Chief, Lord Mark Kerr, an old personal friend of the deceased officer. Three or four years later he retired on his colonel's allowance, and, after travelling abroad for a while, and spending some time in London, settled down at Brighton. His constant desire to resume active service was at last accomplished by his appointment as Chief of the Staff to Suleiman Pasha. Soon after the Army of the Soudan marched from Khartoum—that is, early in September last—he wrote to friends in England, telling them that there was very stiff work ahead, but that his troops seemed staunch, and that he and all of them were looking forward to one hard and decisive fight. He prepared his wife also for irregularity of news, explaining that with communication so difficult to maintain it was possible she might not hear from him except at considerable intervals, but writing always in the highest spirits, as was only characteristic of his bright, genial temper and courageous bearing. The deceased officer was about fifty-five years of age, and leaves a widow and four children.—Our portrait is from a photograph taken in Egypt.

COLONEL FARQUHAR

COLONEL FARQUHAR, who was Chief of the Staff to Hicks Pasha, was lately a captain in the Grenadier Guards. He was a son of Sir W. R. Farquhar, the well-known banker.—Our portrait is from a photograph.

MR. EDWARD BALDWIN EVANS

MR. EVANS, who was Chief of the Intelligence Department under Hicks Pasha, was a native of Rhuddlen, North Wales. His late father, Mr. John Evans, was well known in the Principality as a Welsh scholar and antiquarian. About sixteen years since Mr. Evans went out to Alexandria as a trader, spent several years in Arabia, Egypt, and the Soudan, there became an admirable linguist, and gained a thorough knowledge of Mussulman customs. When the Egyptian War broke out he joined Sir Garnet Wolseley's Intelligence Department, and served in the Indian Contingent as interpreter to the Staff, being thus present at the battle of Tel-el-Kebir. He subsequently acted as interpreter and secretary to Mr. A. M. Broadley during the trial of Arabi and his companions. He was about twenty-five years of age; and a correspondent writes of him that he was "one of the most hard-working, straightforward, and kind-hearted fellows I ever met."—Our portrait is from a photograph by P. Sebah, Cairo and Constantinople.

MAJOR WARNER

This was another prominent officer of Hicks Pasha's staff. He previously served in the 12th Foot (Suffolk Regiment).—Our portrait is from a photograph by Rancke, 8, George Street, Edinburgh.

CAPTAIN MASSEY

CAPTAIN N. W. G. M. MASSEY, late Lieutenant of the 4th Battalion Middlesex Regiment, was the son of Captain Massey, late of the 30th Regiment, and great-nephew of the late Lord Clarina. He was educated at Cheltenham, and had spent much time in travelling about the world. He was twenty-three years of age.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fall, 9 and 10, Baker Street, W.

MR. EDMOND O'DONOVAN

MR. EDMOND O'DONOVAN, the correspondent of the *Daily News* with Hicks Pasha's force, was one of the most able and intrepid special correspondents of the London Press. In an interesting article, published last January in the *World*, we are told how in his boyhood, when a harum-scarum youth, his imagination was excited and love of travel first kindled by reading Bruce's travels to discover the source of the Nile. During the Franco-Prussian war he served as lieutenant in the French army, and on its close went to Spain, where he corresponded for an Irish paper and the *Hour*. He first represented the *Daily News* in Herzegovina, and afterwards throughout the Russo-Turkish war. Receiving a telegram to explore Central Asia, he started at once, the result being some most valuable and interesting letters to that journal, and a book which will long be the standard work on Merv and its district. Indeed, he had special facilities for studying the country and its people, as he so ingratiated himself with the Turcomans that he was elected a chief, and even one of the Triumvirate which governs Merv. It was on his way back from Merv that he was arrested in Constantinople on Christmas Eve, 1881, for speaking disrespectfully of the Sultan, and subsequently compelled to leave Turkey. In No. 629 (December 17th, 1881) we gave an illustration of Mr. O'Donovan lecturing on Merv in Constantinople, and in No. 634 (January 21st, 1882) we engraved a sketch of his Christmas dinner in prison. He was about thirty-nine years of age, and was the son of Dr. John O'Donovan, the well-known Celtic scholar of Dublin. From his father he inherited a taste for antiquarian research and philology, in addition to which he possessed a sound knowledge of botany and geology, having studied chemistry and medicine at Trinity College, Dublin. He was above all an admirable linguist, speaking half-a-dozen languages fluently.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Fradeille, 240, Regent Street, W., which was taken just before Mr. O'Donovan left for the Soudan.

MR. FRANK VIZETELLY

MR. FRANK VIZETELLY, in all probability the sole European survivor of the army of Hicks Pasha, and now a prisoner at Obeid, is the youngest son of the late James Henry Vizetelly, founder of

the printing establishment of Vizetelly and Co. He was born in 1829, in Fleet Street, and before he was out of his teens he was engaged on the *Pictorial Times* as a draughtsman. He subsequently resided for several years in Paris, and in 1859 he accompanied the French Army into Italy as correspondent of the *Illustrated Times*, and was present at the Battles of Magenta and Solferino. Throughout the Garibaldi campaign he was correspondent of the *Illustrated London News*, and at its close passed several months with Garibaldi at Caprera. On the outbreak of the American Civil War he was despatched by the *Illustrated London News* to the United States, and witnessed the Battle of Bull Run. The refusal of Mr. Stanton, the Secretary for War, to allow any British correspondent to accompany the Federal troops in the field after this disaster, led to his making his way, at no slight personal risk, to the South. He saw some warm fighting, being present, amongst other engagements, at the Battle of Gettysburg, and remained in Charleston during its bombardment by the Federal fleet. Mr. Vizetelly was with Mr. Jefferson Davis up to within a few days of his capture, and was forced for his own safety to make his way to a seaport town, under an assumed name, owing to a threat of the Federals to execute him as a spy, should they succeed in laying hands on him. When the Seven Weeks' War between Prussia and Austria broke out in 1866 he set out as representative of the *Illustrated London News* to join the forces of the latter power. In 1867, in conjunction with his eldest brother, he started *Echoes from the Clubs*, the pioneer of Society journals, and laying aside the pencil for the pen became a frequent contributor to the *Pall Mall Gazette*, *All the Year Round*, and other periodicals. During the Carlist War he was correspondent of the *Morning Advertiser*. On the conclusion of hostilities he sojourned for several years in Spain. Leaving that country in 1881, he settled for a time at Bordeaux, which he quitted to join the French expedition to Tunis. From Tunis he proceeded into Egypt, and joined the forces of Hicks Pasha, whence, as stated above, he has occasionally sent sketches to *The Graphic*.

FOREIGN-DRILLED CREW OF A CHINESE GUN-BOAT

In the opinion of those persons who are most competent to judge, the Chinese Empire would be found a more formidable opponent, in case of a war breaking out with any European Power, than was the case in 1860. Since then troops have been carefully drilled and trained by European officers of reputation. These disciplined soldiers may be not very numerous, speaking comparatively, but in case of need they could easily be made the nucleus of a much larger force, as the recruiting-ground is practically unlimited. Then not only have foreign-made guns and engines of war been largely imported, but arsenals and cannon foundries have been established, and from these a large supply of guns, rifles, and cartridges is annually produced. Chinese statesmen, too, have perceived that the junk, the typical vessel of China, is useless when pitted against modern vessels of war. They have, therefore, endeavoured to reform their navy, though with less vigour and determination than has been applied to the reconstruction of the army and of the fortifications. Still, a number of gunboats (some of them called alphabetical, from their receiving the names of Alpha, Beta, &c.) have been built in this country, and their native crews have been carefully drilled by competent English officers. How these crews would behave under the stress of war it is impossible to say beforehand. Those, however, who know the Chinese best, say that the last fault they can be accused of is cowardice, and therefore, provided these gunboats are skilfully handled, the enemy who should attempt to penetrate the rivers and estuaries of the Chinese coast might find himself in a veritable hornet's nest.

THE CANTON RIOTS

We have already fully illustrated these regrettable incidents, which took place on the 10th September last. The facts are no doubt fresh in the memory of our readers. A Chinese, while attempting to get on board a steamer in the capacity of boarding-house runner, was pushed overboard either wilfully or accidentally, and drowned. A Canton mob has always been famous for its inflammability, and the crowd, unable to avenge themselves on the steamer, the captain of which prudently dropped down the stream, satisfied their anger by burning, gutting, and plundering a number of houses. Great alarm prevailed among the foreign residents, many of whom sought refuge on board the steamer in the river. A massacre might easily have occurred, but providentially it did not, and at last, though somewhat tardily, the Imperial troops appeared on the scene, and suppressed the disturbances. The chief interest of our engraving is that it is an exact reproduction of one by a Chinese artist.

GENERAL VIEW OF VICTORIA, HONG KONG

THE island of Hong-Kong was ceded to the British Crown after the first Chinese war of 1841, but not colonised till 1843. At first the mortality among the troops and others was terrible. Many fell victims to a malignant fever, said to be caused by the upturning of the soil, a disintegrated granite. Of late years the sanitary condition has been improved, but much still remains to be done.

Forty years ago Hong-Kong was a barren island, with a small population of fishermen and pirates. It is now the greatest commercial emporium on the coast of China, and must always be the pivot of war operations in the Far East.

A vast trade is carried on, British and foreign tonnage to the amount of two millions yearly enters the harbour, independent of an immense coasting trade.

The population of Hong-Kong is some 150,000, 2,000 of whom are natives of India, and 8,000 whites, mostly English, with some Germans and Americans, and a very few French.

The Peak is the sanitarium for the sweltering town. Cool breezes blow there. Already some fifty dwelling-houses have been built, and more will follow when the promised wire tramway is made. Baron de Hubner compares the island to the Rock of Gibraltar on a large scale. "Victoria (the capital) is," he says, "charming, sympathetic, and imposing; English, and yet tropical. The streets, which are clean and well-paved, wind along the rock between houses, gardens, or stone balustrades. It is like Ventnor or Shanklin seen through a magnifying-glass, and under a jet of electric light. Everywhere there are fine trees; one may go on foot and yet always be in the shade, only no one dreams of walking. One cannot exaggerate the importance of this little island. Hong-Kong is the hand; the colonies in the Straits of Malacca, Ceylon, Aden, and Malta, the arm; England the head and heart of that great British giant, which holds in its grasp the South of Asia and the extreme East."

A MILITARY EXAMINATION FOR SANDHURST

See page 538.

"THIRLBLY HALL"

A NEW STORY by W. E. Norris, illustrated by W. Small, is continued on page 549.

NOTE.—A correspondent informs us that Duff House, Banffshire, was not designed by one of the brothers Adam. The architect of Duff House was William Adam, of Blair, Kinross-shire (born 1688, died 1748), to whom Scotland owes many important public and private edifices. The celebrated brothers before mentioned were his second and third sons, Robert and James.



THE CATASTROPHE IN THE SOUDAN was treated by Lord Hartington, in his speech at Manchester, as threatening rather in its indirect than in its direct consequences. He does not fear an invasion of Lower Egypt by the Mahdi, but he does fear the disturbing effects of the Mahdi's rebellion and recent victory on its inhabitants. Hence the Ministerial decision, for which the public was prepared, to countermand the evacuation of Egypt.

MUCH of Lord Hartington's speech sounded like a reply to that of Mr. Chamberlain at Bristol. The President of the Board of Trade spoke strongly on Monday in favour of an assimilation of the Irish franchise to the English. Lord Hartington is of opinion that many besides Conservatives view that step with apprehension, because it would increase the Parliamentary strength of the Irish Irreconcilables. Mr. Chamberlain had been eloquent on the injustice of refusing to place the county householder on an equality with the borough householder. Without naming his colleague, Lord Hartington spoke of this sort of talk as idle. The extension of household suffrage to the counties was inevitable; what was wanted was, not further advocacy of it, but aid in solving the difficult problems arising out of it. Were the county and borough franchises to be equalised, and if so, how? Was the property qualification, including that given by the forty-shilling freehold, to be abolished? If the answer were in the affirmative, there would be much dissatisfaction in the country; if in the negative, then the franchise would not be assimilated unless the property qualification in counties was extended to boroughs.

LORD HARTINGTON did not refer to Lord Salisbury's incisive speech in the City last week, with its defence of the London Corporation and its attack on Mr. Gladstone's assent to M. de Lesseps' claim to a monopoly of the Isthmus. But he commented at some length on the article on "Disintegration" in the current number of the *Quarterly*, which has been generally, though perhaps inaccurately, attributed to Lord Salisbury. Mr. Chamberlain at Bristol was similarly reticent. One of the most vehement attacks in his speech was directed against the representation of minorities, the advocacy of which has been recently renewed by his former colleague in the Cabinet, Mr. Forster, and by his actual colleague in the Ministry, the Postmaster-General.

AT THE TRANSVAAL MEETING presided over by the Lord Mayor, not very much that was new was said by Mr. Forster and the other speakers, though a certain freshness was given to the proceedings by the pleadings of Mr. Mackenzie on behalf of the Bechuana, among whom as a missionary he has lived and worked. The resolutions directed against what are understood to be demands of the Transvaal delegates were supported by Lord Shaftesbury, Sir T. F. Buxton, Sir W. M. Arthur, Sir H. Barkly, ex-Governor of Cape Colony, and Mr. Southey, late Governor of Grijqualand West, so that the meeting did not in the least wear a political aspect.

M. DE LESSEPS, just before quitting England, delivered on Saturday a farewell address at a meeting of a French association in London. The upshot of his and his son's speeches, later and earlier, is that he alone has a right to canalise the Isthmus, that he will either enlarge the existing Canal or construct another, as he finds most advisable, and without asking any one's leave—this last statement being seemingly meant to be a defiance of the Khédive—and that he rejects the claim of the British shipowners and merchants to a due share in the administration of the Canal.

LORD NORTHBROOK AND M. DE LESSEPS have joined the promoters of a movement to erect at Chatham, his birthplace, a statue of Lieutenant Waghorn, the pioneer of the Overland Route.

SIR WILLIAM CHARLEY, the Common Serjeant, is the Conservative and Mr. H. W. West, Q.C., who represented the borough in 1868-74, will be the Liberal candidate for the seat at Ipswich, vacant through the death of Mr. Cobbold. Mr. Cobbold was a Conservative, and at the last General Election was returned by a majority of 125 over the unsuccessful of the two Liberal candidates.

FROM A COMPARISON of the votes polled last week and at the General Election of 1880, it seems that the return of the Conservative candidate for York was greatly due to Liberal abstentions.

THE "PRIMROSE LEAGUE," called after Lord Beaconsfield's favourite flower, is the designation of a Tory society announced as having been formed. Its principles may be guessed, but everything else about it is for the present shrouded in secrecy.

THE SUCCESSOR IN THE INDIAN COUNCIL to Sir Henry Norman, appointed Governor of Jamaica, is Major-General Sir P. T. Lumsden, who has been in the military service of the Indian Government since 1852, and became in 1879 Chief of the Indian Staff Corps.

THE VALIDITY OF PROFESSOR FAWCETT'S ELECTION to the Rectorship of Glasgow University is to be contested in a Scotch Court of Law, on the ground that the Universities (Scotland) Act excludes "a Principal or Professor of any University" from holding the office. The Postmaster-General's supporters maintain that this statutory exclusion was intended to affect only Principals and Professors of Scotch Universities.

AT THE GENERAL MEETING of the West End Tramways Opposition Association, held on Monday, those present belonged chiefly to the higher class. But one of the speakers was the Secretary of the London Cabdrivers' Association, whose funds, he said, were drawn upon to the amount of more than 100l. a year in consequence of accidents to its members through tramways.

THE IRISH EXECUTIVE prohibited by proclamation a meeting to be held last Sunday at Listowel, to erect a memorial cross to the "Manchester martyrs," and a Dublin demonstration on the same day to commemorate their execution. At Listowel the meeting was held at an earlier hour than that for which it had been announced, and when the constabulary arrived it was over. The Dublin demonstration did not come off.—The Nationalists having announced their intention to hold a meeting next Sunday in Newry, the Loyalists of Armagh made arrangements for a counter-demonstration. The Government have, therefore, intervened so far as to proclaim under the Arms Act the district in which Newry is situated.—Lord Rosmore has been suspended from the Commission of the Peace for Monaghan County on account of his action at the Rosslea meeting last month. The Ulster Loyalists are indignant, and there has been some talk of a meeting of magistrates to resign their positions as a protest against the conduct of the Executive.—In Dublin, out of eight Municipal Ward contests, the Parnellites were victorious in six, but at both the Conservatives wrested the seats from the Liberals.—The trustees of the Corn Market, Cork, have rejected an application from the Mayor to allow the Exhibition Hall to be used by Mr. Parnell when addressing his constituents.

SIR WILLIAM SIEMENS was buried on Monday in Kensal Green Cemetery, after a funeral service in Westminster Abbey, which was attended by deputations from leading scientific and other Societies. The Prince of Wales was represented, and Professor Huxley was one of the pall-bearers. Most of the mourners accompanied the remains from the Abbey to their final resting-place.

THE OBITUARY OF THE WEEK includes the death, in his sixty-ninth year, of the Right Reverend William Fitzgerald, D.D.,

Protestant Bishop of Killaloe, previously Bishop of Cork, editor of "Butler's Analogy," and one of the writers of the "Answers to Essays and Reviews;" of Sir William Bowyer-Smith, in his sixty-ninth year, who represented Essex in the Conservative interest from 1852 to 1857; of Mr. Hugh Powell, the optician, in his eighty-fifth year, one of the chief perfectors of the achromatic double microscope; of Mr. John Eliot Howard, the scientific chemist and quinine manufacturer; and of Mr. Charles de Freville Green, Colonial Secretary of the Falkland Islands.



A NEARLY WHITE SPARROW has been shot at Pittingham, near Wolverhampton. The bird was slightly streaked with brown, but the white preponderated.

COFFEE AND TEA.—Dr. G. V. Poore will lecture at the Parkes Museum, Margaret Street, Thursday, December 6th, at 8 P.M., on "Coffee and Tea." Sir Henry Thompson, F.R.C.S., will take the chair.

HERR MAKART, the well-known Austrian painter, who has chiefly won his celebrity by studies of female beauty, has taken up another line of art, and is busy designing a Gothic Cathedral, which is to cost eight millions.

PREPARATIONS are almost complete for the production of a new penny weekly paper, to be edited by Mr. F. W. Robinson, the novelist. The profits of the new venture, which is to be called "Home Chimes," will be distributed amongst the literary staff attached to the journal. This is a novelty in co-operation.

THE TROUBLES OF AN EDITOR are manifold enough in Europe, but they do not include such a strain as that of an Indian journalist, who recently apologised for the late appearance of his paper, the *Cochin Argus*, as due "to our establishment having left the office in a body to witness the execution which took place to-day."

UMBRELLAS OF NATURAL FLOWERS have been introduced at Nice. The blossoms entirely cover the outside, the handles are of bamboo in rustic shape, and the lining is thin white silk. One of these floral curiosities, recently sent to a Parisian bride, was made of Parma violets, with a border of white jessamine imitating lace.

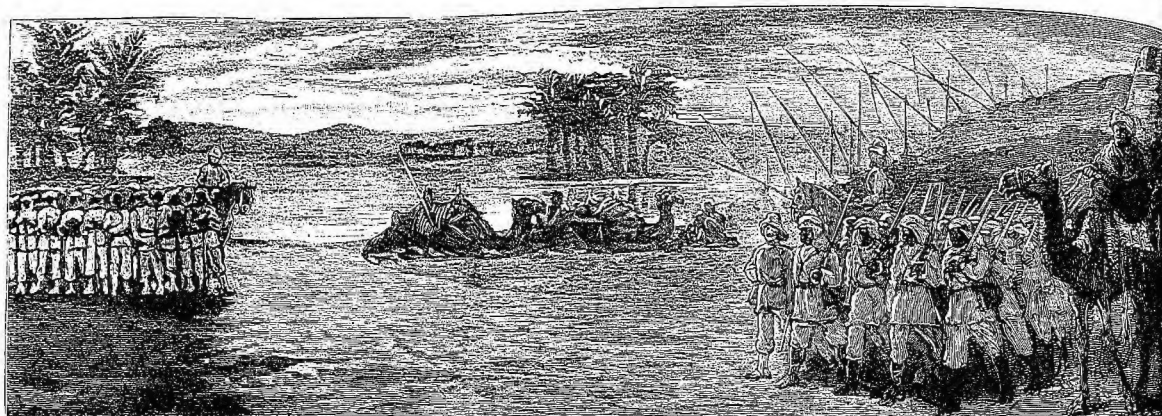
PRINCE BISMARCK'S FAVOURITE BREAKFAST DISH is bacon and eggs, so says his late cook. He dislikes white or fresh-baked bread of any kind, and takes hard brown toast and black coffee for breakfast, after having had a "nip" of brandy and seltzer when he first gets up. He is very fond of coffee, and will take four or five cups when he has been working late the night before, while at midnight he invariably drinks a cup of tea. The ex-cook declares that the Chancellor is a most unaffected and pleasant man in general, but when he is in a rage everybody keeps out of his way, from the servants to his wife, while when anything goes wrong in the Reichstag "he storms about the house like a fury."

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY at SOUTH KENSINGTON has undergone some important changes, particularly in the "high room," which has been freshly arranged, and was reopened this week. Many fresh portraits have been removed here from Trafalgar Square, and show to better effect. Others have been well-cleaned and restored, such as Sir Thomas Lawrence's portraits of John Philip Kemble as Hamlet, and Mrs. Siddons reciting. There are several fresh presentations and bequests, both of pictures and autographs. Further among the earlier works are now placed some interesting *fac-simile* outlines made by Mr. Scharf, the Director of the Gallery, from tracings taken from the original wall-paintings at St. Stephen's Chapel, Westminster. These include likenesses of Edward III., the Black Prince, and various contemporaries, and are all the more valuable as the original paintings perished during the fire at the Houses of Parliament in 1834.

DR. EMIL HOLUB, the well-known African explorer, has just sailed for the Cape on board of the *Pretoria*. He is about to make an extensive journey through Southern and Central Africa, and is accompanied by a newly-wedded wife, who very pluckily has resolved to travel with him throughout his adventurous campaign. He also takes with him six servants, namely, a carpenter, gun-maker, waggon-maker, blacksmith, tailor, and butcher, all first-rate tradesmen. Dr. Holub adds in a private letter addressed to the editor:—"I am giving these men lessons in different branches of the sciences which I need for my journey; both to render them fit for such an exploring expedition, and also that they may gradually become my scientific assistants in the tour I have undertaken, and that, in case I should be taken very ill or die, they should continue the work I have begun, and bring the expedition to a successful termination." We heartily wish the worthy Doctor and his company all health and success.

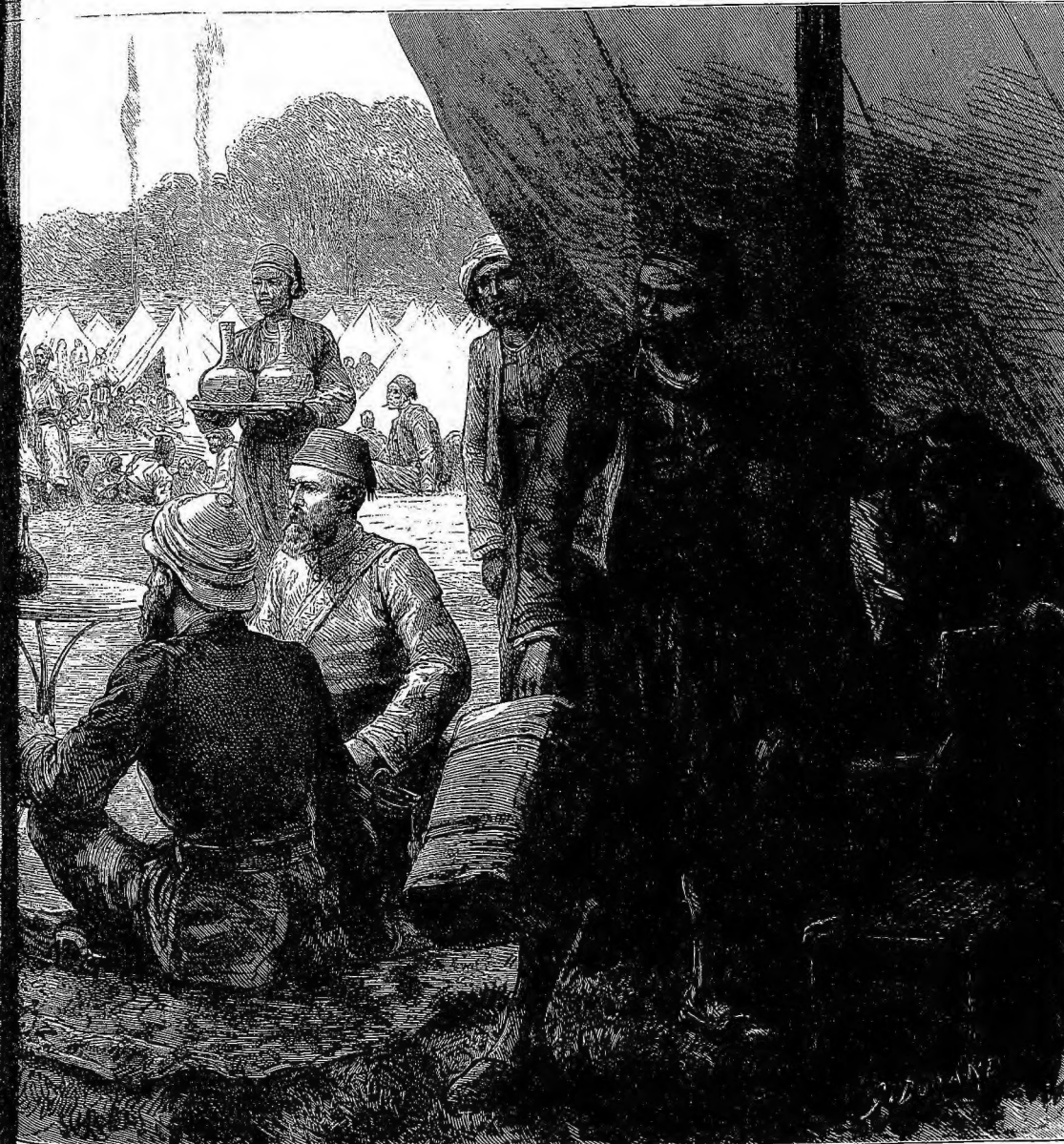
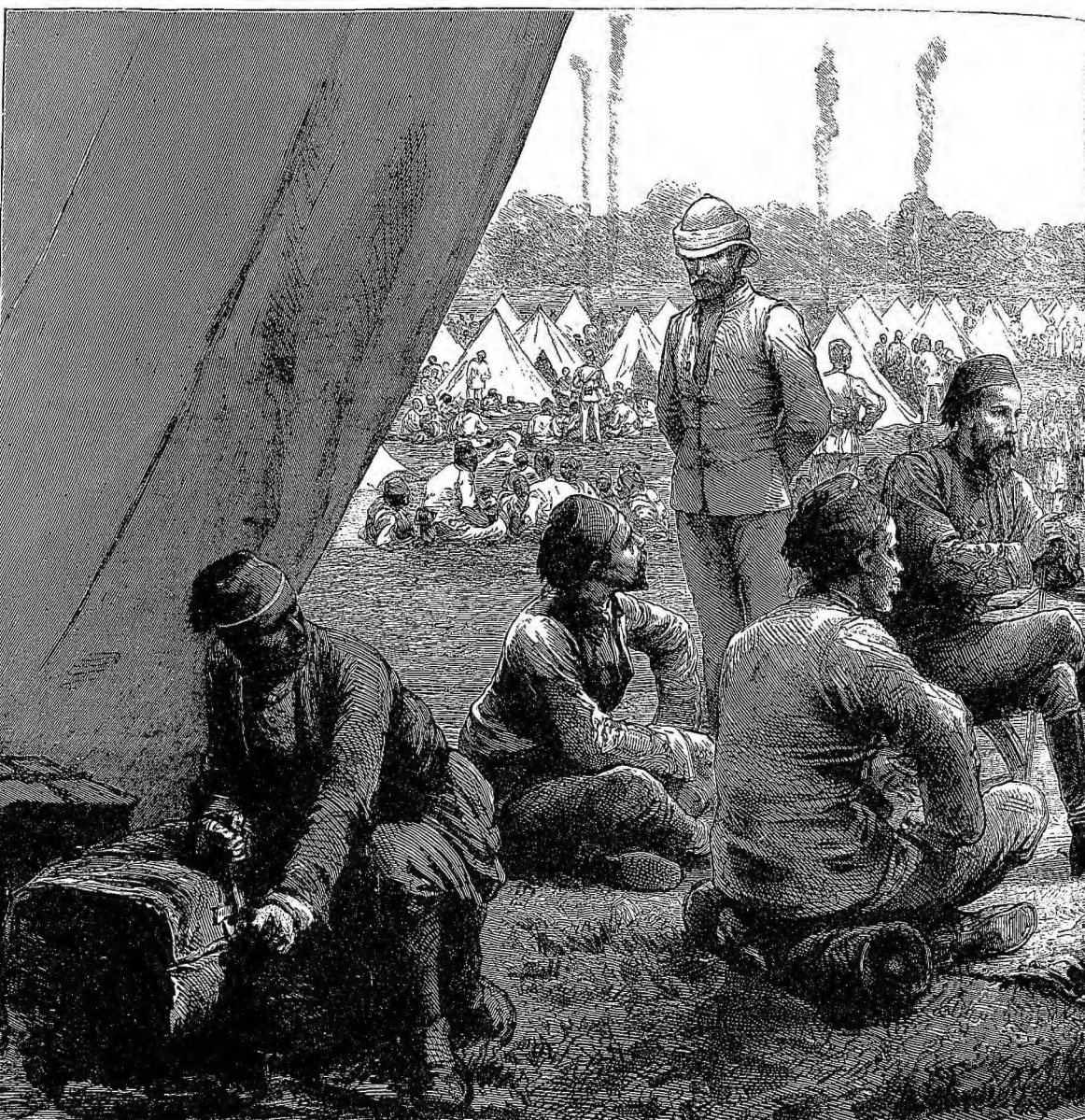
LONDON MORTALITY slightly decreased last week, and 1,670 deaths were registered, against 1,681 during the previous seven days, a decline of 11, being 106 below the average, and at the rate of 22.0 per 1,000. These deaths included 1 from small-pox, 49 from measles (a rise of 2, but being 9 below the average), 41 from scarlet fever (a decline of 14, and 35 below the average), 21 from diphtheria (a fall of 4), 29 from whooping-cough (a decrease of 4), 1 from typhus fever (a decline of 1), 32 from enteric fever (a fall of 4, but exceeding the average by 5), 2 from ill-defined forms of fever, 17 from diarrhoea and dysentery (a decrease of 2), and 2 from simple cholera. Deaths referred to diseases of the respiratory organs numbered 493, an increase of 48, and exceeding the corrected weekly average by 1. Different forms of violence caused 43 deaths; 57 were the result of accident or negligence, among which were 14 from fractures and contusions, 5 from burns and scalds, 6 from drowning, and 9 of infants under one year of age. Six cases of suicide were registered. There were 2,482 births registered, against 2,633 during the previous week, being 163 below the average. The mean temperature of the air was 43.9 deg., and 2.7 deg. above the average.

THE RECENT PICTURE FORGERIES in Paris have aroused sore wrath among artist circles; and, to guard purchasers against such deceptions, it is proposed to form a Society of St. Luke, whose members shall examine and decide upon the authenticity of works bought at the various sales. Forging pictures is a carefully organised trade in Paris, according to the *Figaro*. One dealer keeps a regular staff to produce these "veritable masterpieces," paying at the rate of 25s. for a Rosa Bonheur, 8s. or 10s. for a Daubigny, and so on; while one of his employees is specially clever at producing Greuzes, which are painted on old panels, and kept a long time in a dusty corner to acquire the requisite appearance of antiquity. When old enough, they are sold at exorbitant prices. "Authentic" works by Diaz and Rousseau can be bought daily at the Hôtel Drouot for 3s. or 4s.; these have been mostly executed for an old woman who deals in curiosities, and who pays the painter 7½d., besides furnishing the materials. Talking of Art in Paris, there will be plenty of small exhibitions this winter to occupy picture-lovers. Next week the works of the late Lorraine artist, Sellier, will be shown at the Ecole des Beaux Arts, and shortly after an exhibition of Eighteenth-century Art will be opened, including some interesting historical miniatures, drawings, sculpture, &c., notably a portrait of Madame de Pompadour, by Boucher, from a private collection. The Impressionists will have their innings in January at the collection of their late high priest Manet's works, this being followed by an exhibition of Modern Art from 1780 to 1884.



EGYPTIAN TROOPS UNDER COLONELS THE HON. J. COLBORNE AND DE COETLOGON
LEAVING OUT FROM KOWA FORT TO CO-OPERATE WITH HICKS PASHA AT GABELLEM

From a Sketch by Mr. [illegible]



COLONEL FARQUHAR
HALT AND BIVOUAC AFTER THE BATTLE OF ASSAULT
TALKING IT OVER WITH THE GENERAL
From a Sketch by Colonel the Hon. J. Colborne, One of the Officers with Hicks Pasha's Soudan Field Force

THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION



THE disastrous news from EGYPT has formed the chief political theme abroad as well as at home. The details of Hicks Pasha's defeat are given elsewhere, but we may mention here that the news created great alarm at Cairo. Cabinet Councils were at once held, Sir Evelyn Baring lost no time in advising the British Government to cancel the order to withdraw the troops, and measures were taken to despatch 2,000 of the constabulary, or Gendarmerie, under Baker Pasha to Suakim, their duties being taken over by the regular troops. Various influential Bedouin sheiks were also summoned to Cairo, in order to consider the advisability of organising a powerful Bedouin force. It is no easy matter to raise troops for the Soudan; for to be sent thither is considered to be synonymous with a sentence of death, and the Turkish officers of the Gendarmerie at first refused to go to the Soudan, under plea that they were only engaged to serve in Egypt proper. As for the Egyptian officers, though they did not decline, they wept bitterly; and there is little doubt that the success of the Mahdi has enormously increased his reputation amongst the humbler classes, who as good Mussulmans are ready to accept any leader who shows himself capable of combatting the infidels. Our prestige suffers in proportion, and it was with no small feelings of satisfaction that the Egyptian Government and the European residents heard of the order to Admiral Hewett to send vessels to the Red Sea, and the reinforcement of the British Army of Occupation. A general rising in Upper Egypt is feared, and it is urged that it would be advisable to advance in force up the Nile and to fortify Assouan and Dongola, in order to check the forward march of the Mahdi.

Meanwhile other European countries are watching our action with curiosity not wholly unmixed with that complacency with which we all regard a neighbour's misfortunes. It is, of course, universally admitted that we cannot now leave Egypt; but there is a general tendency to hold us responsible for the disaster, for though the expedition had nominally been disavowed by the British Government, yet it was commanded by British officers whose appointment had in no way been opposed. In France this tone widely prevails, though, with his usual independence and honesty, M. John Lemoine forgets his Anglophobia for once, and declares the Soudan disaster not to be a defeat to England alone, but to Christendom at large. French inaction and the unpardonable weakness of French leaders is no reason for rejoicing over the triumph of Barbarism. The Turkish domination in Egypt would mean the Turkish domination in the Mediterranean, and Turkey at Tunis threatening Algeria. "Were the English to leave Egypt to itself," he concludes, "it would be overrun next day by the barbarian flood already at its gates. We should gain nothing, while Europe and civilisation would lose immensely." Germany and Austria are very much of the same opinion, but Italy, as usual, is careful in her comments to look after her own interests, and suggests that England should repeat her invitation to other Powers to send troops to assist in restoring order.

FRANCE AND CHINA do not appear to be any nearer coming to a settlement, though it is now stated that M. Jules Ferry has made yet another proposal to the Chinese Government. In this he declared that the French occupation in Tonkin would only extend to a line passing from Sontay through Bacninh to the Gulf of Tonkin. He invited the Pekin Government to send a military commission to Tonkin to act with a French commission in determining a neutral zone. This Note was in reply to the last communication of the Chinese Government, which once more recalled the fact that the Chinese suzerainty over Tonkin had never been questioned, and reproached France with the invasion of Annam and the imposition of an "unjust treaty" on Tu Duc's successor. With regard to the advance of the French upon Bacninh, "one of the keys of the Chinese Empire," China is declared to be desirous of maintaining pacific relations with France, but it is plainly stated that the Imperial troops will be obliged to resist any aggression, and the responsibility of the consequences must rest with France. Meanwhile the news from the seat of action reports an attack on November 17th by a strong force of Black Flags on the French gunboat *Carabine*, lying off Haidzuong, the citadel of which was also assaulted. Both gunboat and fort would have fared badly had not a larger gunboat, *Lynx*, heard the firing, and steamed to her consort's assistance. Strong reinforcements are being sent from Hainan, but the news from Tonkin points clearly to the fact that the French invasion is universally unpopular, and that the Chinese are now openly aiding the Black Flags. Admiral Courbet, however, still reports that he is making all due preparations for an advance, but there seems little doubt that the task is far more difficult than either he or the home authorities had anticipated, and, further, is becoming daily more hazardous.

After much deliberation, the Tonkin Credit Committee has decided to recommend the grant by 9 votes to 2. The much-discussed electoral contest at Lodève between a Conservative Republican, supported by the Radicals, and a Ministerial candidate, has resulted in a "draw," neither obtaining a sufficient majority, and the contest is accordingly to be fought over again. In the Chamber, finance continues to be the chief topic, and the Budget Committee have decided to authorise the Bank of France to increase its note issue by 12,000,000*fr.*, while commercial circles have been startled by the failure of the well-known Marseilles house of Roux de Fraissinet and Co., curiously enough owing to the stoppage of trade in Madagascar. There is little fresh from that island. Another town, Vohemar, on the northern coast, has been bombarded by a French war vessel on November 8th, and five British subjects have been killed. The Hovas appear to have expressed a wish to negotiate, but the French will only do so on the basis of the ultimatum presented to the Ambassadors.

In PARIS the chief topic has been the long-delayed trial of the Marquis de Rays and eleven associates, accused of decaying hundreds of emigrants to a bogus colony—Port Breton. By glowing prospectuses they are said to have raised large sums of money, and then to have shipped off their dupes to poverty and death. M. de Lesseps' visit to England has naturally afforded much food for discussion. He announced himself to be completely satisfied with the result, declares that the much-talked-of grievances of British shipowners are not based on any real tangible fact, but were "general, vague, and sometimes inaccurate complaints." Through the Havas agency he contradicts the "allegations" of the *Times* that his mission has been a failure, and stated that on the return of his son he would submit the result of the exchange of views with the British shipowners to the Board. The "Bitter Cry of Outcast London" has, it appears, roused attention across the Channel, and the Irreconcilables, always on the look-out for a grievance, have held a meeting to consider the housing of the Paris poor, and to advocate the abolition of the fortifications, and devote the space to workmen's dwellings. The only other item of interest is the reception by M. Grévy of Marshal Serrano, the new Spanish Ambassador, and the exchange of the most flowing compliments and mutual assurances of goodwill and friendship. These, read by the light of recent occurrences, and the visit to Spain of the Crown Prince of Germany, seem less sublime than ridiculous.

"Unser Fritz" has certainly been most cordially received in SPAIN. He arrived at Valencia on the morning of November 22nd, and after witnessing a review and a State performance at the theatre, started for Madrid, where he arrived the next morning. He was met at the station by King Alfonso, who wore the now famous Uhlan uniform, and who warmly embraced his guest. Madrid was in gala array for the occasion, and the Madrileños turned out in large crowds to salute the Prince. At the Palace he was received by the Queen. In the evening the King and Prince went to the Opera, and on Saturday there was a grand review. At the subsequent banquet the King proposed the health of the Emperor, and expressed his gratitude for the marks of sympathy which he had received in Germany—sentiments which the Crown Prince reciprocated by alluding to the favourable reception which had been accorded to him in Spain. On Sunday the King and Prince went to a bull-fight. In the evening the King and Prince were present at the opening of the session of the Academy of Jurisprudence, at which the King made a noteworthy speech. Alluding to the fact that, unlike the Crown Prince, he had not had the advantages of studying in the Universities of his country, he went on to say that he returned to Spain not to "follow up studies, but to give peace and repose to a country distracted by civil war and anarchy." Whilst, however, his aim would be the maintenance of peace and the furthering of science, literature, and art, he would not neglect the absolute maintenance of public order. "Yes, on the banner I have raised," he concluded, "will ever shine this motto, 'Fatherland, Justice, Order, and Liberty.'" On Tuesday they went on a visit to Toledo. The German Prince is stated to have created a good impression, particularly in the upper and governing circles. The mass of the people, though perfectly respectful, are stated not to have been particularly enthusiastic, as there is a general feeling that there ought to be no further complications in the relations between Spain and France. Turning to internal Spanish politics, there is much uneasiness in Liberal and Government circles, and it is thought that the present Ministry, despite its adherence to the programme of the Dynastic Left, will not long be able to hold its own against Señor Sagasta. The King has pardoned the soldiers and corporals concerned in the Badajoz rising. They are not to be exiled to Cuba, but are to be permitted to serve again in the Army of the Peninsula.

In ITALY there has been a grand political banquet of the Left, at which various ex-Ministers, headed by Signor Cairoli, spoke, warmly condemning Signor Depretis' policy of leaning both on Right and Left for support. There are signs of the formation of a strong Liberal coalition against the existing Cabinet. In Rome the first Waldensian Church ever built in the Eternal City has been consecrated. It is situated in the Via Nazionale.

"Evacuation Day" festivities form the chief news from the UNITED STATES, and the centenary of the final departure from New York of the British troops was commemorated on Monday with great enthusiasm, despite most unfavourable weather. President Arthur and various State Governors rode in procession through the city, and the President was subsequently present at the unveiling of the statue to Washington in Wall Street, as also in the evening at a grand banquet at the Chamber of Commerce. There, while the first toast was "The President of the United States," the second was "The Queen of Great Britain," whose virtues, it was declared, had won the hearts of the English-speaking race, and whose reign would mark an epoch in history more memorable than that of England's Virgin Queen or that of Isabella of Spain, who pledged her jewellery to furnish Columbus with the means for his discovery of America. Our Ambassador sent a letter regretting his inability to attend the banquet, on the reading of which the whole company rose and sang, "God Save the Queen."

OF MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS we hear from SWITZERLAND of a collision between two steamers, the *Cygne* and the *Rhone*, on the Lake of Geneva during a hurricane. The *Cygne* sank, and the *Rhone* was seriously injured, but managed to reach Ouchy. Fifteen persons are said to have perished.—In GERMANY Herr Stoecker has expressed his opinion that his visit to London has at last opened the eyes of Englishmen on the Jewish question. The Lower Prussian Chamber is busily debating the budget. Much satisfaction has been caused by a speech of the Emperor, in which he assured the President of the Diet in the most positive manner that "peace was at the present moment completely assured, and that in particular the relations of the nation to Russia had, to my great joy, become most cordial and happy."—In HUNGARY there has been a brisk debate on the legislation of marriages between Christians and Jews.—In SERBIA the trial and execution of leaders of the insurrection continue.—In BULGARIA the Prince has made up his quarrel with the Russian authorities; and on Tuesday a grand *Te Deum* was sung in the Cathedral at Sofia in honour of the birthday of the Empress of Russia.—In SOUTH AFRICA much distress is stated to prevail in Zululand, and hundreds of people are living in the bush under crags, while little cultivation is going on.—The revolution in HAYTI still continues, and the Revolutionary steamer *Laplatze* has been sunk by the Government war vessel *Desalmes*.—In SOUTH AMERICA Bolivia has now decided to treat for peace with Chili.—In GREECE the budget has been opened to the Chamber by M. Tricoupiis. The revenue is estimated at 84,750,450, and the expenditure at 84,352,469 drachmas. The budget of 1882, which it was anticipated would become a deficit of 15,000,000, had in fact given a deficit of 3,000,000 only. This he hoped would gradually disappear. M. Tricoupiis further announced positively the withdrawal of the forced currency, and the granting of concessions for railways from Athens to Larissa, and from Athens to Kalamata.



THE QUEEN entertained the Crown Prince of Portugal, on a visit at Windsor, at the end of last week, the Duke and Duchess of Albany, the Princess Louise, and the Marquis of Lorne also staying at the Castle to meet the Prince. During his stay Her Majesty gave several dinner-parties, when the Portuguese Minister and Lord and Lady Granville were among the guests, and the Prince went out shooting in Windsor Forest with the Marquis of Lorne, also being shown over the Royal domain by the Duke of Albany. The Prince left on Saturday, as well as the Princess Louise and her husband, and the other guests, while the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Mr. Gladstone arrived. Next morning the Royal Family attended Divine Service in the Private Chapel, where Canon Rowsell preached, and in the afternoon Princess Beatrice, the Duke of Edinburgh, and the Duke and Duchess of Albany attended the Service at St. George's Chapel. The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh and Mr. Gladstone left on Monday, when Princess Christian joined the Royal party at dinner. On Tuesday the Princess Louise and the Marquis of Lorne again arrived on a visit, and Lord and Lady Selborne and Sir Charles Dilke also came down to Windsor to dine with the Queen. The Duke and Duchess left on Wednesday for town.

The Prince of Wales rejoined the Princess and his daughters at Sandringham on Saturday from visiting the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh at Eastwell. The Princess has quite recovered from her

recent indisposition, and went out for the first time on Saturday. Next morning the Prince and Princess and their daughters attended Divine Service at Sandringham Church, and on Monday they kept the fourteenth birthday of Princess Maud, the Prince and Princess's youngest child. In the afternoon the Duke of Cambridge arrived, and next day came Prince Christian and the Danish Minister, with whom the Prince of Wales has since been out shooting daily. Other guests have also assembled at Sandringham to keep the Princess of Wales's thirty-ninth birthday, the annual ball being given last (Friday) night instead of on the actual anniversary to-day (Saturday).—Prince Albert Victor witnessed the performance on Tuesday night at Cambridge of the *Birds* of Aristophanes.—Prince George goes in the *Canada* this week to Barbadoes.

The Duke of Edinburgh has been appointed to the command of the Channel Squadron, vacant by the succession of Vice-Admiral Dowell to the China station, and leaves England next week on a four months' cruise in the Mediterranean, visiting the Balearic Isles, Sardinia, &c. He hoists his flag on board the *Minotaur*, which will be commanded by Commander Lestrang, who was in command of the *Lively* when used as the Duke's yacht. Meanwhile the Duke and Duchess have spent this week with the Marquis and Marchioness of Bath at Longleat, Wilts, where great festivities have taken place in their honour.—After three days' stay at Bombay, where they were most warmly received, the Duke and Duchess of Connaught went to Meerut for the Duke to formally assume his command.—Prince and Princess Christian visit the Birmingham Cattle and Poultry Show on Monday next.

The Crown Prince of Portugal has been visiting Portsmouth, where he stayed with Prince and Princess Edward of Saxe-Weimar. During his stay he minutely inspected the dockyard, the forts at Spithead, the chief vessels, and other points of interest.

A MILITARY EXAMINATION FOR SANDHURST

ENTRANCE into the army is no longer to be gained, as in the days of our fathers, either through money or influence, when commissions could be bought, and Indian cadetships could be presented.

Though all may compete, the moneyless are still kept out on account of regimental expenses, the chief item being the mess bills, which quite swallow up a subaltern's pay, a grievance often ventilated in the newspapers and elsewhere, but with very little good result.

The only chance for a subaltern without an allowance is to join the Indian army, where it is possible to live on the pay, besides enjoying other advantages, which in England can only be indulged in by the more wealthy.

There are two distinct methods of joining Her Majesty's Cavalry and Foot (*i.e.*, Line). The first and most usual plan is to pass two examinations for admittance into the Royal Military College at Sandhurst, where the cadet passes a year in studying military subjects, receiving his commission at the end of that period, provided he passes a successful examination on the subjects learnt during his stay at the college.

The other method of entering (by some termed "the back door") is through the militia. Candidates who wish to enter this way have to pass two examinations in general subjects, spend two years in a militia regiment, and finally pass a competitive examination in military subjects. Candidates through the militia must be under twenty-two, whilst those for Sandhurst must be under twenty.

The two examinations for Sandhurst are first a qualifying, and that having been accomplished, a competitive (open only to those who are qualified); at this further or competitive examination, which takes place at the London University, Burlington Gardens, and lasts about two days, there are, as a rule, between five and six hundred men competing for about one hundred vacancies at the college. A large proportion of these candidates are direct from the public schools, Cheltenham College usually contributing a goodly number, who are usually successful, judging by the host of old Cheltonians holding commissions in the army; whilst others come from "crammers."

A great many gentlemen nowadays, failing to get through by examination, join the ranks with the view of getting a commission by promotion, but to do this great strength, both of body and mind, is needed; at present there are several men who figure in "Debrett" serving as privates, who by dint of hard work and influence will ultimately get their commissions.

Turning to our sketches, in one we see an unhappy candidate undergoing the torture of a French *viva voce* examination, which consists of ten or fifteen minutes' conversation in French with a Frenchman—not an easy or agreeable proceeding, for when the language is very imperfectly known it is a terrible ordeal. You attempt a jaunty air as you enter and greet your foe with a "Bonjour, monsieur," spoken through the nose. You are then asked your number (all the candidates are known by numbers). You tell him with ease and a flourish, especially if it is a high number, for you have studied that number, translated it, repeated it, and pondered over it for days. However, what good impression it makes is soon lost. Questions innumerable are asked; some you fail to understand. They have to be repeated, whilst you earnestly wait, with scarlet face, to catch perhaps some familiar word. Questions you do happen to know you cannot find any words in which to answer. At length your misery terminates, and, much relieved, you retire.

The French Dictation is almost as awkward as the *viva voce*. Here, however, you are not alone in your trouble—you have the satisfaction of seeing other sorrowing faces. Some after a few futile attempts try no more; others valiantly plod on, leaving many blanks at words they fail to catch; then, again, there are others who seem to take naturally to French dictation, to the exasperation of the rest.

For the medical examination several rooms are set apart, where the surgeons receive the candidates, about six at a time, in solemn conclave, thoroughly examining them from top to toe. To test the sight, the candidate has to count certain dots marked on a card held some paces off, first with one eye closed, and then with the other. I have heard vague rumours of men who have had one eye not quite up to its duties, counting the dots through their fingers with the other eye; of course, this is only rumour. It seems a grave omission on the part of the surgeons that they fail to test the speech of the men with regard to stammering and stuttering. Can anything be more important for an officer than clearness of speech? How necessary it is, if only to give the words of command; but how much more so should he be appointed an aide-de-camp, where quickness and despatch are of such moment.

Another sketch shows the interior of the waiting-room, where the last minutes are passed before the victim is placed face to face with the papers. These last moments often prove themselves to be most precious, for one often hears of cases where men get four or five questions the answers to which they have revived in those last minutes, an indifferent hand at Euclid perhaps getting three propositions out of five he has learnt by heart in that last half-hour.

A good deal of chaff goes on in the room where two sergeants are engaged in taking the measurements, especially when a tall fellow having been measured, the slide is moved down some good ten or twelve inches to accommodate the head of a smaller brother.

One hour, between 1 and 2 P.M., is allowed for lunch, when the Burlington Arcade assumes the aspect of a sea of silk hats, which gradually disperse into the neighbouring refreshment rooms, the St. James's getting a fair share of the patronage, while some of the

gayer spirits make for the Criterion and other bars, where they fortify themselves, and get considerably fuddled for the afternoon examination paper.

Another sketch shows an anxious crammer scanning the paper, and discussing the questions with his pupils. The pupil of a London crammer may be easily recognised by his spotless get-up, and is quite a different animal from his cousin who comes straight from school or the country tutor. Mashery persons of this type may be seen ogling the girls, with glass in eye; this ornamental adjunct, however, disappears in a wonderful way during the medical examination.—Our engravings are from sketches by Mr. J. H. Roberts, 6, Montagu Place, W.C.



THE BISHOP OF PETERBOROUGH is able to take carriage exercise and is gaining strength.

MR. SPURGEON intends soon to sojourn for a few weeks at Mentone.

THE HON. AND REV. FRANCIS G. PELHAM has been appointed by the Archbishop of Canterbury to the important Rectory of Lambeth, on the resignation of the Rev. J. F. Lingham. Mr. Pelham is the second son of the Earl of Chichester, and nephew of the Bishop of Norwich. During the last few years he had been Rector of Halesowen, Birmingham.

THE LORD MAYOR laid on Monday the memorial-stone of a new Mission Hall in Stepney, a development of the Edinbro' Castle Mission work of Dr. Barnardo, who made a statement respecting the good resulting from the old Mission Hall on the same site, which was originally a music hall.

A CHURCH OF ENGLAND ELEMENTARY DAY SCHOOLS AID ASSOCIATION has been formed at Sheffield, with the Archbishop of York as patron, and Canon Blakeney, Vicar of Sheffield, as President. At a preliminary meeting of the promoters held this week the Archbishop presided, and said that as regarded the accommodation and the number of children in attendance, the Church schools of Sheffield fell little short of the Board Schools of the town. The Association proposed to form a sort of Board School of its own—not in opposition to the other, but as a kind of protective Board to assist Church Schools, especially the weaker among them. To provide suitable inspection 1,000l. a year would be needed. One of the speakers said that this 1,000l. would effect what, if attempted by the School Board, would cost the ratepayers nine times the amount. The Church Board is to consist of ten clerical managers, and ten leading laymen. The promises of subscriptions are ample.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY has addressed to Churchmen a statement urging on them the claims of the National Society in the day schools, connected with which nearly two millions of children are receiving instruction, and which is constantly called on to erect new and to enlarge old schools. For Church Training Colleges and the religious instruction of teacher, the Society has to provide 5,000l. a year, and contributes largely to the expenditure on diocesan inspection. An effort is being made to raise at once 5,000l., and to increase the Society's annual income by the same sum, objects which the Archbishop commends to the attention of all who have a regard for the highest interests of the country.

AT THE MEETING of the Board of Managers of the Bishop of London's Fund, the statements furnished showed that the amount of new money received this year was less by 2,750l. than the amount received during the corresponding period of last year. The Committee had, therefore, been obliged to postpone the consideration of applications for which grants to the amount of 5,840l. had been actually recommended.

VISCOUNT CRANBROOK presided and spoke at a recent meeting held in the Library of Canterbury Cathedral in aid of the Pusey Memorial Fund. In a eulogium on Dr. Pusey, and to show how far he was removed from narrow-mindedness, Lord Cranbrook quoted his saying: "I love the Evangelists; I admire their zeal, and their earnestness in saving souls. He made," Lord Cranbrook added, "some most intimate friendships among them."

AT THE CLOSING DEMONSTRATION of the Church of England Temperance Society's Anniversary Week it was said by the Rev. S. G. Scott that if they wanted to stop the bitter cry of outcast London, London itself must cast out the bitter beer, and by the Rev. J. W. Horsley, Chaplain of Clerkenwell Prison, said three things had forced him to become a teetotaler—love, fear, and reason.

THE PRESIDENT AND FELLOWS OF SION COLLEGE are to apply next Session for leave to sell the site of their college and almshouses in London Wall, and to purchase land on the Thames Embankment at Whitefriars for the erection of new buildings.

A MEETING, which lasted several days, of the Council of the National Society for Preserving the Memorials of the Dead, was presided over by the Archdeacon of Maidstone. One of the matters discussed was the replacement of Dean Cannon's monument in Westminster Abbey.

THE RECEIPTS for the last Festival of the Three Choirs at Gloucester were, with the exception of 1877, larger than in any previous year. The accounts, just made out, show a net balance of 1,716l., divisible between the Clergy Widows and Orphans Charity of the Dioceses of Gloucester, Worcester, and Hereford.



WAIFS.—On Wednesday evening Mrs. Okey gave a *soirée musicale* at her house in Portsdown Road, to celebrate, according to the German custom, the engagement of her daughter, Miss Maggie Okey, to the celebrated pianist, M. Vladimir de Pachmann. During the evening M. de Pachmann and Miss Okey gave a selection of music, chiefly from Chopin. A *berceuse*, played by M. de Pachmann with all his accustomed *verve* and finish, was much applauded, as was also a rondo in which Miss Okey played with her gifted master. A great advance is noticeable in the executive powers of this promising young pianiste since she has had the advantage of the guidance of the accomplished master with whom she is soon to stand on more intimate relations than those of mere master and pupil. Frau Leibnitz, favourably known in Germany as a leading operatic singer, contributed to the enjoyment of a pleasant evening by her fine singing in a selection from *Ernani*.—Mr. Isidore de Solla's new cantata, *Sisera*, will be performed for the first time, on December 5th, at the students' concert of the Guildhall School of Music, by a ladies' choir of seventy voices under the conductorship of the principal, Professor Weist Hill.—Mr. F. H. Cowen has postponed his projected visit to the United States. Nevertheless, the New York Oratorio

Society intend performing his cantata, *St. Ursula*.—*Luther in Worms*, the more and more stoutly discussed oratorio by Ludwig Meindardus, was given on the 7th and 9th ult. at Elberfeld, where it afforded so much satisfaction that the managing committee made him a handsome present.—Not more than one-half of the 100,000 florins to be voted to the erection of a Mozart monument in Vienna has yet been subscribed. The Viennese should look alive; the eyes of the artistic world are upon them.—Ponchielli's *Gioconda* is in preparation at the Metropolitan Opera House, New York. If, as report gives out, Mdlle. Materna is engaged, the leading character will be in excellent keeping; though even the great Wagnerian *prima donna* could hardly present the American public with a more forcible and poetic *Gioconda* than Marie Durand, who, last summer, played it with such merited success at our own Royal Italian Opera.—The present season will be the last ever held at the famous old Leipsic Gewandhaus, and to celebrate the occasion the nine symphonies of Beethoven, in chronological order, will be introduced in the course of the series of concerts, for which a larger and more commodious building has been for some time erecting.



MR. PINERO has been enjoying a little joke at the expense of the critics, who charged him some time since with appropriating without acknowledgment a story by a popular novelist. In the case of his new comedy, produced at the HAYMARKET Theatre on Saturday evening, with the title of *Lords and Commons*, he has been frank and explicit regarding the source of his inspiration. From a popular novel the story of this play has this time avowedly been derived, but those who are curious to know anything more are simply referred to a Swedish work, the perusal of which, we are told, gave rise to Mr. Pinero's dramatisation. Of course it is not everybody who can "peruse" a Swedish work, though there is one dramatic critic who has an acquaintance with the Swedish language sufficient, at least, to have prevented the absurd blunder in quoting the Swedish title which has been permitted to figure in the playbill. Clearly, therefore, when Mr. Pinero "begged to refer" these prying persons to *Mannen af Börd och Quinman af Folket*, by Madame Schwartz, he might fairly assume that some, at least, of the gentlemen whose researches he thus condescended to enlighten would be none the wiser for his assistance. This is, in brief, Mr. Pinero's joke; but as Mr. Toots was wont to observe, it is of no consequence. The public are, after all, much less concerned with the history of a dramatist's work than with the quality of the productions. Unfortunately *Lords and Commons* is, so far as regards the arrangement of its story, simply absurd. What power to please it can boast—and it is fair to say that a good-natured first-night audience received it in a very friendly spirit—is due mainly to the excellence of the acting, the cleverness of one or two incidental sketches of character, and the artistic charm of the *mise en scène*. Mr. Pinero's theme is the vengeance of a wronged and slighted woman melting away under the influence of love. It is a coincidence worth noting that this was also the theme of M. Sardou's *Fédora*, which has only just disappeared from the Haymarket playbill; but while in the French play the subject is treated logically and considerably, in Mr. Pinero's piece it is brought to the complexion of burlesque. The improbability of the notion of a deserted wife becoming in fourteen years so changed in voice and aspect that she can purchase the home and estates of her embarrassed husband, and gradually induce him to make love to her, is perhaps no great objection. Precisely this situation is the whole substance of a play written by a popular living lady novelist; and we all know how, on the stage, powerful acting will often suffice to reconcile an audience to even stranger things. But there should at least be some perceptible connection of cause and effect—something, in brief, to persuade the spectator of the possibility of the course of conduct which the personages are seen to pursue; but this is just what is wanting in this strange production. Some notion of contrasting the hollowness of ancestral pride with the honest attractions of plebeian virtue seems to have haunted the writer's mind—a view which is supported by the antithesis suggested by the title he has chosen. But nothing of the sort is shown in the story. The hero, Lord Caryl, is a miserable creature who, having turned a young and innocent wife adrift without resources, on the plea that he has discovered her to be of illegitimate birth (how an English nobleman can do that without his wife's acquiescence is not explained), makes love to a woman whom he does not recognise as his wife, and who has done nothing but insult and wound him on his tenderest point. Nor is the heroine more to be admired. She is represented as carrying her scheme for vengeance to the mean and paltry point of purchasing Caryl Court with wealth she has somehow attained, for the express purpose of making the power thus acquired a means of outraging the feelings not only of her husband, but of his old mother and sister. This sordid, and it is to be hoped untrue picture of human nature, is rendered the more offensive by the general conduct of the Caryl family, who, while they are never weary of boasting of their high birth and long pedigree, and administering snubbings to the triumphant "plebeians," as they are pleased to call them, yet accept the hospitality of these despised persons, and make abject appeals to them not to "desecrate" the ancestral home which has become the property of their hosts by purchase. Something like a farcical turn is given to the story when the old proprietors and the new-comers are suddenly found to have paired off in three couples, and to be indulging in flirtations upon the ancestral premises. Obviously there is no reason why the outraged wife, suddenly declaring her identity, should fling herself into the arms of a husband so heartless, so fickle, and so wanting in respect; still less why the spectators should sympathise with such a *dénouement*. Thanks, however, to the power and sincerity of Mrs. Bernard Beere's performance of the part of Mrs. Devenish, a temporary interest in her fortunes was undoubtedly awakened; while Mr. Forbes Robertson as the hero was so much in earnest, and so clearly unconscious of the despicable nature of his conduct, that a sort of consideration seemed to be extended to his numerous transgressions. The amusement which the play afforded, however, came mostly from the subordinate personages. Mrs. Bancroft is once again in possession of one of those charmingly pert and witty characters which in her hands are always delightful. This has, moreover, the advantage of being the only character in the comedy which is not odiously mean or selfish, with the exception of that of an Americanised Englishman, played by Mr. Bancroft rather stiffly, but still with an artistic eye to the capabilities of the character. That accomplished actress, Miss Calhoun, plays the part of a sister of the hero with a spirit and vivacity which go far towards concealing the inherent inconsistency of the conception; and Mr. Brookfield succeeds in the abstractly impossible feat of imparting an absolute freshness to the portrait of an enfeebled and absent-minded nobleman. The little part of a fashionable physician, played by Mr. Elliot, also deserves very favourable mention, as does that of an old serving man, drawn in a somewhat cynical spirit. The latter is represented very cleverly by Mr. Bishop, who is not to be blamed because the author has permitted his garb to go beyond reasonable bounds. *Lords and Commons* has escaped the

speedy condemnation which fell upon *The Rector*; and, thanks to its incidental merits and the prestige of the Haymarket, it will probably hold its ground for some little time, but it is not likely to count among the successes of the present management.

A comedy in two acts, entitled *Deceivers Ever*, brought out at the STRAND Theatre on Monday evening, proved to be a comedy only in name. The author, Mr. Malcolm Charles Salaman, displays talent; but it is talent of a rather fashioned and farcical kind. Nevertheless, the exertions of Mr. Robert Brough and Mr. W. F. Hawtreys, in the part of two elderly rivals for the hand of a widow lady, to win whose favour they devote themselves to musical studies, provoked laughter, and the little piece was well received. The widow lady found an agreeable representative in Miss Florence Trevelyan.

The production of *Claudian* at the PRINCESS'S Theatre has been postponed to Thursday next. It was discovered, we believe at the last moment, that the earthquake, which is to be the great exciting incident of Messrs. Wills and Herman's play, was not quite ready.

A German version of *The Silver King* is to be produced at the Friedrich Wilhelmstadt Theatre in Berlin.

The reception of Mr. Irving, Miss Ellen Terry, and their companions, in *Louis XI.* at the Chestnut Theatre, Philadelphia, appears to have been as cordial as in New York.

The true name of the lively and popular little American actress who is known to the world as "Lotta," is, we learn, the ineffectual one of Charlotte Crabtree.

Miss Kate Vaughan, who has been playing the part of Peggy in *The Country Girl* with brilliant success in all the chief towns of England and Scotland, will repeat this impersonation at a *matinée* at the GAIETY on Friday next.

The name of a new play which is to be produced sooner or later at the OLYMPIC, under the new management, is not particularly novel; but it is at least of a loyal kind. It is *God Save the Queen*. The authors are Mr. R. Palgrave and Mr. F. Gover.

Miss Lilian Russell has been engaged to play the part of the Princess in Messrs. Gilbert and Sullivan's new opera, now in preparation at the SAVOY Theatre.

Mr. Robert Buchanan is said to have written another play founded upon his forthcoming novel, called *Amman Water*.

Pygmalion and Galatea will be revived at the LYCEUM on Saturday next, with Miss Mary Anderson in the part of Galatea. The little one-act tragic drama written for this actress by Mr. Gilbert will also be produced on the same occasion.

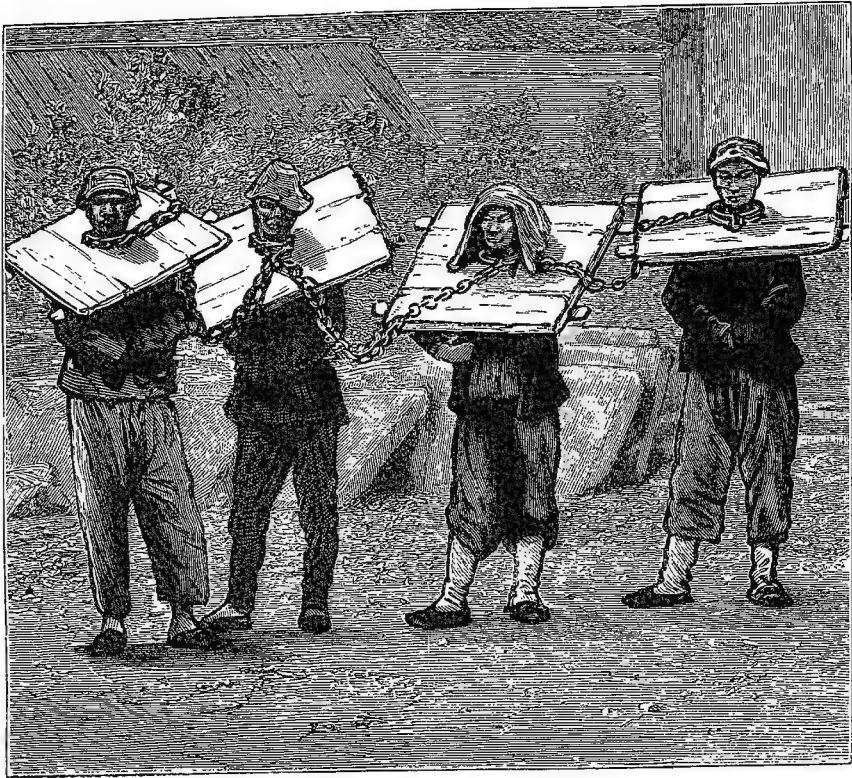
Mr. Edward Compton and Mrs. Compton (Miss Virginia Bate-man), with their company, will make their appearance in O'Keefe's *Wild Oats* at the STRAND Theatre on Monday next. Their engagement will last for six weeks only, during which it is intended to revive other old comedies.

Mr. Toole returns to his theatre for the winter season on Saturday next, when *Stage Dora* will be revived.

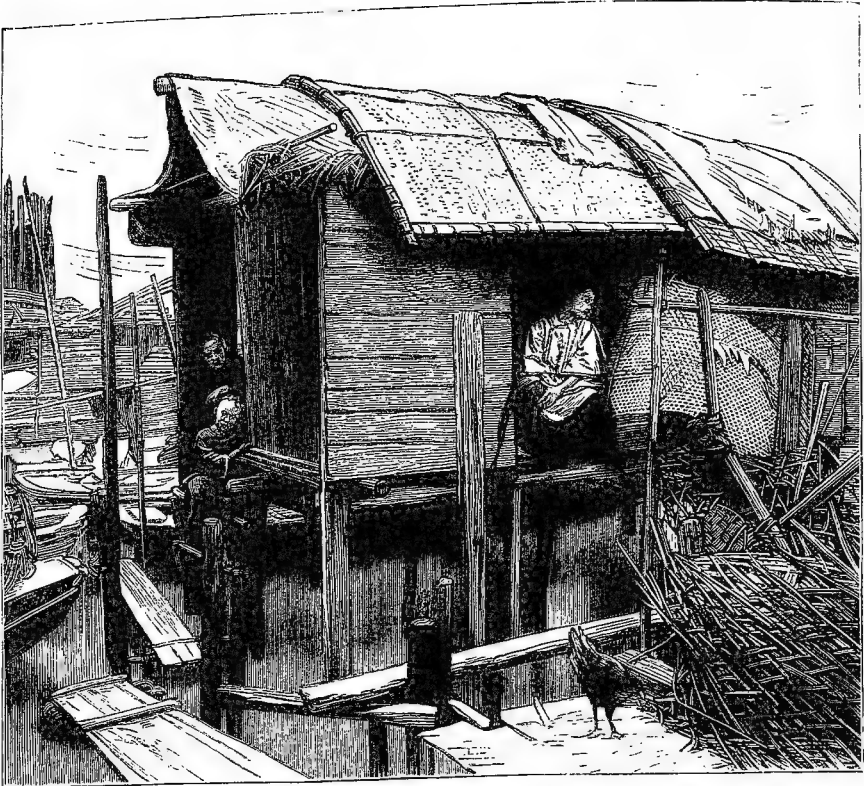
The Royal American Midgets, General Mite and Miss Millie Edwards, are once more giving receptions at the Piccadilly Hall, after a successful tour on the Continent. These diminutive people are well worth seeing, being a very vivacious pair of Lilliputians. They ride round the hall on small ponies, and dance together; while the General, who has a good ear for music, sings (rather through his nose) both in French and English, and acts a "Masher" with a good deal of spirit. He is nineteen, she is sixteen, and report says they are to be married in two years' time.

OPENING OF THE HERKOMER ART SCHOOL

SATURDAY last saw the opening of the long-talked-of School of Art at Bushey, under the Presidency of Mr. Herkomer, A.R.A. The school building and the general features of the scheme were described in our columns a short time ago, and the plans have not been greatly modified since. Nineteen ladies and fifteen gentlemen have been chosen from hundreds of applicants to be the lucky probationers of the novel training intended. All of these are able to draw or paint fairly well from the life, and for the next nine months their powers will be tested in a somewhat severe and continuous manner. Mr. Herkomer, who had bidden his students assemble on Saturday at 2 P.M. in the large oak-panelled studio, gave an address, in which he made it clearly understood what he should expect in the way of work and energy from the students, and what they were to be prepared to expect from him. The programme of work which he set before them will admit of no frittering away of half-hours, or idling for a day or so when the "mood" cannot be roused. Quick, rapid thinking, realising, and painting will have to be accomplished by all from Monday morning until Saturday at noon, or the lazy or incompetent student will suffer dismissal. Mondays, between 9.30 and three, each student must sketch and lay in a whole figure in colour, Tuesdays the same figure on a smaller scale is to be sketched in chalk or pencil during the first hour and a-half, the painting of the day before being again taken in hand at eleven for the rest of the afternoon. Wednesdays and part of Thursdays the same study is continued, but on Thursday afternoons four rapid sketches of a quarter of an hour each are to be made from the model draped and posed in a different position. Fridays the large study commenced Monday must be finished, and Saturday morning from nine to twelve the students, male and female, will all work together to paint a head in a sitting of three hours. No painting is allowed in the evenings, but students are expected to attend from seven to nine, and draw from one pose every evening except Friday, when they will sketch three fresh poses from the nude. Thus in one week each student will have to finish a study completely, to sketch quickly from the nude and from the draped figure, and to paint a head in a short sitting. This gives rapid practice in several ways. Besides this, the students in alphabetical rotation have to pose their own models, and each one officiates for a week, posing for every different study, and altering the poses one after another until the students by a show of hands testify their satisfaction. What Mr. Herkomer wants to arouse in his students is the faculty for continuous effort and the prolonged concentration necessary to finish a work, and the enthusiasm and energy which will carry them on to higher undertakings. He dwelt long and emphatically on Saturday upon the view the students must take of their work, how they must remember they were there not only to study themselves, but to help to form a scheme which would benefit future generations of Art students, that their faculties and talents were given them to use for the benefit of others as well as their own, and therefore they should come to their work with a high ideal and sense of responsibility before them. He wanted them to make sense above all things the basis of their operations, the pivot upon which all turned, and he therefore warned them in a kindly and judicious manner against the usual faults of Art students, the tendency of the men to be either uproarious or affected so as to attract attention, and of the ladies to be affected in their dress for the same reason. The style of work, Mr. Herkomer said, he wanted his students to form for themselves, and he implored them not to strive to imitate him; they might be eccentric at first if they liked—rather than than to be timid, and amateurish, and giggling, but they must produce artistic work. Students occasionally had a feeling that they could see through the manipulation of other artists; this they could be guided by, for it was often the raw material for a higher development. He then referred to the tricks by which experienced painters got out of their difficulties and made their works passable after anything had gone wrong, and instanced as a peculiar method of work that of a Munich painter, who starts at the top of his canvas and works downwards, finishing piece by piece, and doing it satisfactorily. In conclusion, Mr. Herkomer spoke of the hard

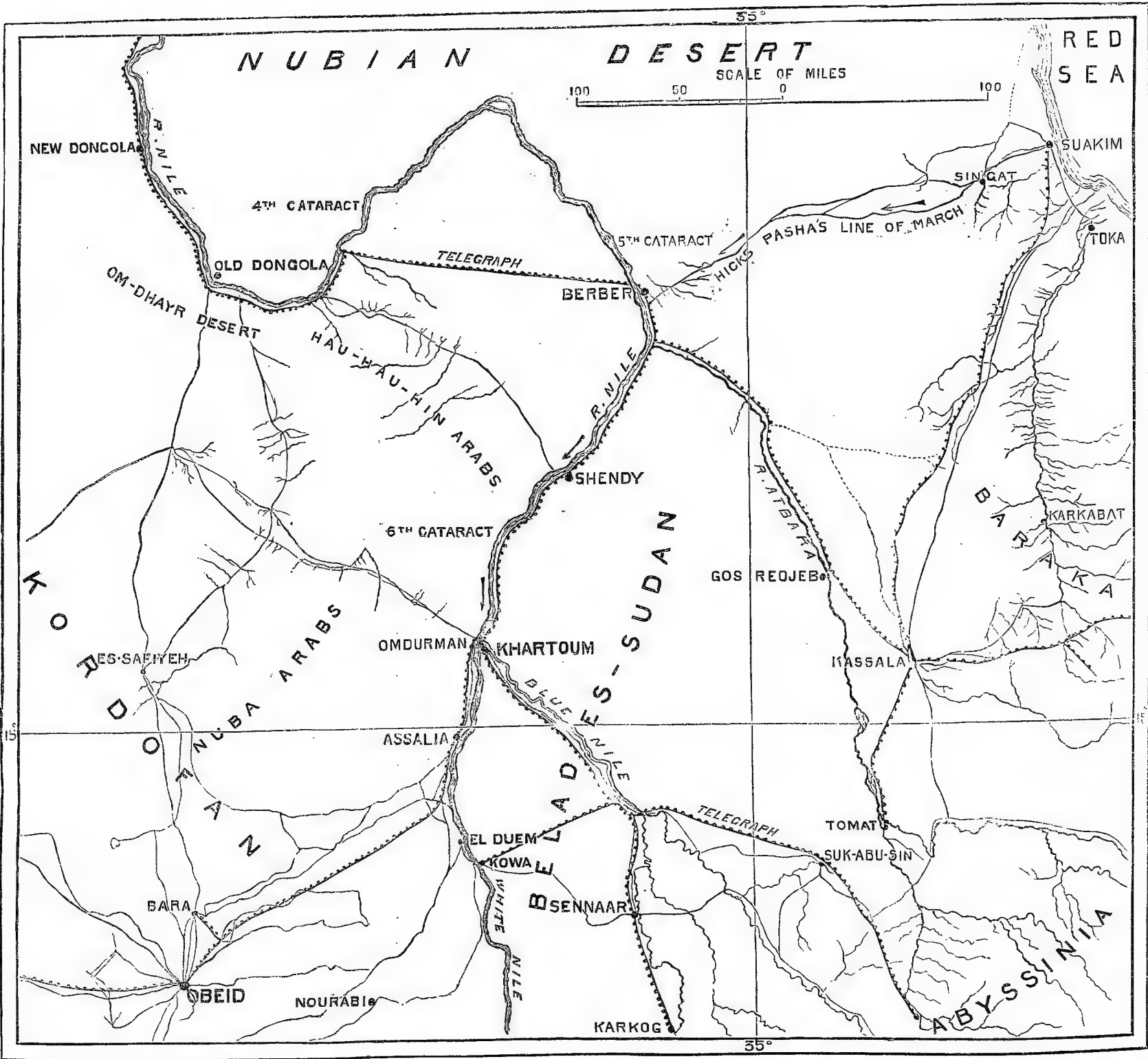


CHINESE CRIMINALS

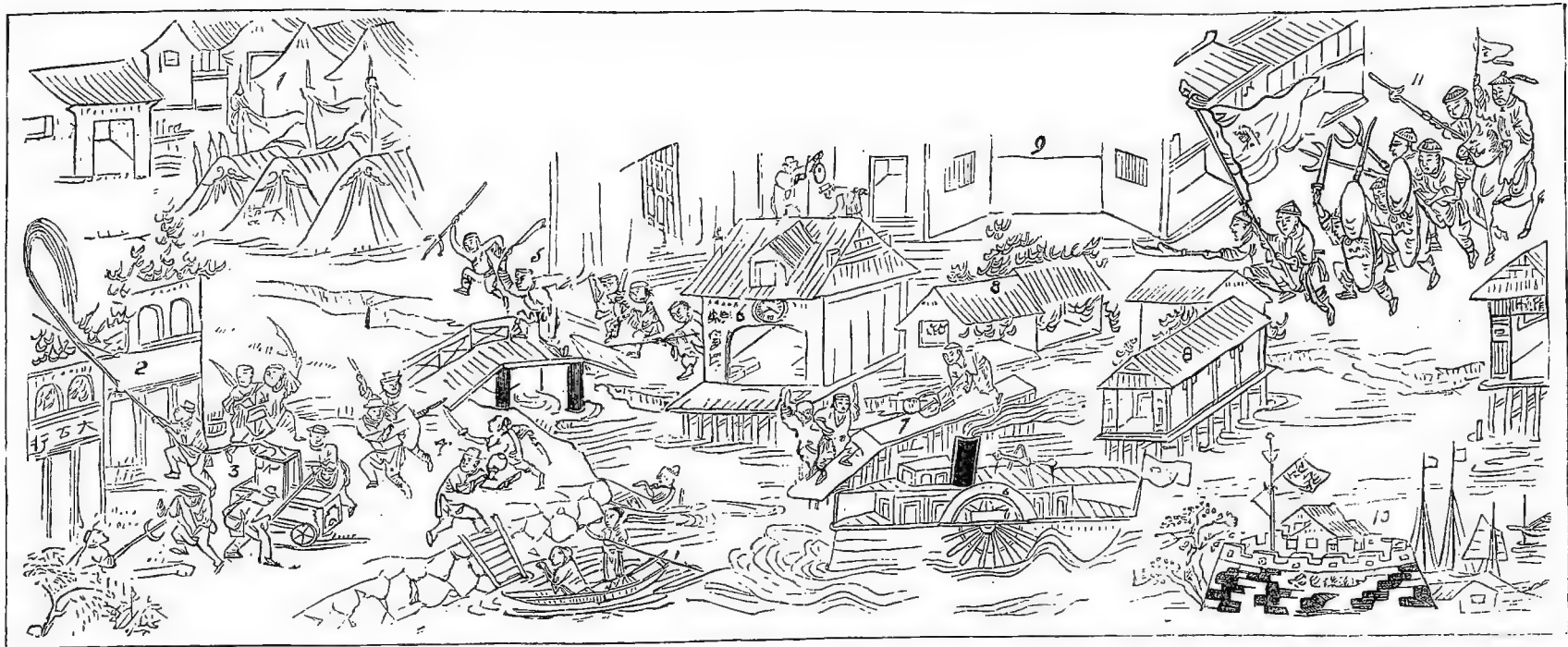


RIVERSIDE DWELLINGS

THE IMPENDING WAR BETWEEN FRANCE AND CHINA

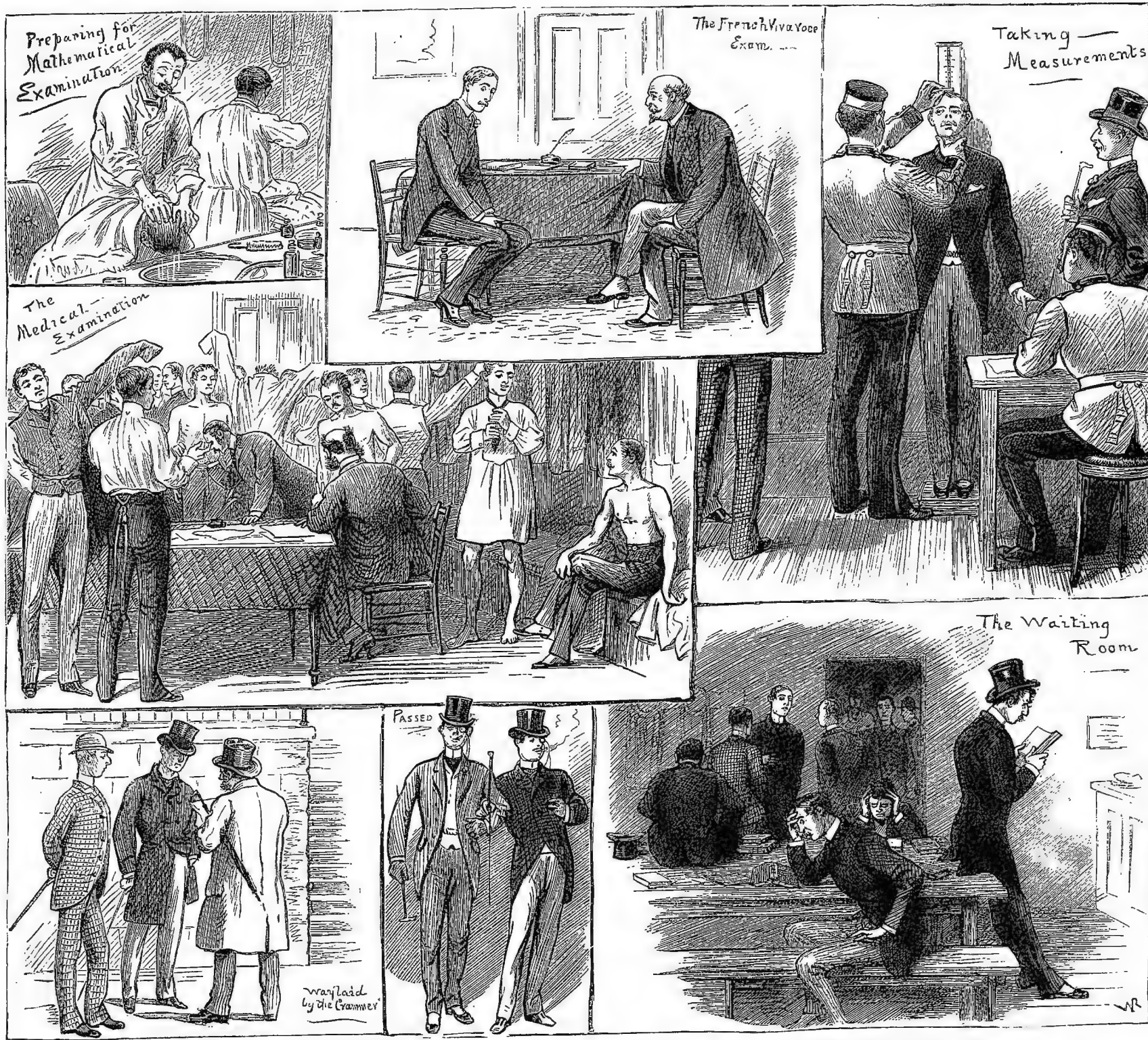


A SKETCH-MAP OF THE EGYPTIAN SOUDAN, SHOWING THE SCENE OF THE RECENT FIGHTING AND HICKS PASHA'S LINE OF MARCH



1. Chinese Camp and Tents.—2. Offices of Messrs. Butterfield and Swire, Fired by the Mob.—3. Fire Brigade Extinguishing the Fire.—4. Europeans Escaping by Boats.—5. Chinese Mob.—6. Custom House.—7. The Dead Chinaman being taken off the Landing-Stage by His Friends.—8. Merchants' Stores Fired by a Mob.—9. Custom House.—10. Chinese Fort.—11. Chinese Soldiers Commanded by Mandarin.

THE RECENT RIOTING IN CANTON
FACSIMILE OF A SKETCH BY A CHINESE ARTIST



SOME INCIDENTS IN CONNECTION WITH AN ARMY EXAMINATION

realistic aim of the school, and expressed a hope that the lucky first comers to his little art colony would work with him industriously and zealously, that he might see where the scheme was right and where it needed modifications. The students and friends then passed into the quadrangle to witness the laying of the corner stones of the cloisters, which Mr. Herkomer has designed. This was performed in a heavy shower of rain by Mr. Herkomer, Miss Salter, Mr. Eccleston Gibb, and the Rev. W. Faulkner. In the evening the students and Mr. Herkomer became further acquainted at a feast spread in the studio at Dyreham, selections of music played by the band of the Royal Horse Guards finishing a day which for brightness and happy interest will long be remembered by the students and friends present at the opening of the Herkomer Art School.



NOVEMBER has been a fairly fine autumnal month, with several weather changes, yet on the whole favourable to farm and garden work, and not so depressing for humanity as this month of dying autumn is wont to be. The frosts have been sufficiently sharp to cut down the lingering dahlias, and to nip the last leaves of the trees. Still, the weather has hardly been severe, and the rigours of winter have been rather suggested than felt. During the cold period of the month the days in the country were often bright, with a clear sky of a light blue, and white cirro-cumulus clouds recalling summer. The south-west gale of the 24th and 25th was accompanied by a rise in temperature, and by a plentiful rainfall. The rivers are now fairly full, but there have not been floods, except in a few parts where long neglect of the rivers has made the riparian fields the scene of inundations whenever a week gives us an inch of rain. In the farmyard the month has been a rather busy one. Of wheat a fair, though by no means abnormal, quantity has been threshed, but of barley and oats very unusual quantities have been sent fresh to market. The sowing of wheat and of winter oats and rye has proceeded steadily, while the October wheat has come up, and shows a healthy green. In the orchard and the garden fruit trees and roses have been occupying the gardener's attention, and the number of fruit trees planted has probably been considerable, the past season having given a decided impetus to the growth of such trees. Roses have been put in with plenty of manure and the rank matter they love so well, while the garden soil proper has usually been in a good state for planting; fairly moist without being too saturated with water. For many of our readers November's chief horticultural work will have been in putting in bulbs both in the open and in pots for indoors. Those who wish to have hyacinths in anything approaching good time should not let December find any of these bulbs unplanted, and this applies yet more strongly in the case of the crocus and the snowdrop. Up to Christmas the increasingly favourite tuberose can be put in together with the *Narcissus poeticus*, other *Narcissi*, and scyllas. The ranunculus may be put in now, but many find it well to leave it until February.

LILIES should be planted at this time of year, and the new Bermuda lily, which flowers in April, if planted early, offers a special reward to those who see to it betimes, for the lilies are seldom much seen until midsummer is past. The Bermuda lily flowers very freely, and is of a beautiful white colour. It closely resembles *Lilium longiflorum*, but it comes out earlier, and seldom grows so large. It is at present quoted at "novelty prices" by gardeners, but there is no reason why it should be dear. The simple old favourite *Lilium candidum* must not be neglected, for the "corner" in flowers which unhappily exists at Covent Garden and elsewhere, renders it almost impossible to get a simple lily as a cut flower. The introducers of fancy varieties, so we are credibly informed, had this summer so complete a control of the flower market that they were able to forbid the sale of the ordinary white lily at many florists'.

AUTUMN TINTS in the forest have been admired since men began to plant trees with the object of adorning the landscape. But in the garden or small park there has seldom been much regard paid to the colours of the decaying leaves. The Guelder rose, for instance, is far from being as common as it should be, and the beautiful tints of the stagbush, or sumach, are as little regarded as its fern-like and lovely leaves. The deciduous cypress is also a very striking object at this time of year, though its sombre associations may be some reason for its wanting favour. Where a sheltered position allows of it the magnolias should be cultivated.

CART HORSES.—There is a fashion even in farming, and tastes vary even in the fold and the stud. At one time long woolled sheep are recommended, at another short woolled. As regards cart horses the best demand of the day is for large wide heavy-legged animals; they should have abundance of long straight hair upon the legs, and plenty of bone. This type has succeeded in favour a more active class of horse. It has become the fashion to sell foals by auction in the Midland counties and some other parts of the country, the sales beginning about Michaelmas. At the recent sales so held the demand has been very good for the best foals, and the prices made for ordinary animals have not been bad. A second-rate foal would make from 25*l.* to 30*l.*, and in such cases where the mares had worked pretty well till the time of foaling and had again helped to gather in the hay and corn harvest, the breeding of foals must prove profitable.

NORWICH has held its great annual exhibition of stock, and as two out of the three days were fine, the East Anglians must, for November, be congratulated on having had good luck. The Royal Family gave this Show special support this year, Her Majesty taking prizes with a Hereford steer and a shorthorn heifer, while the Prince of Wales has obtained the first prize for cross-bred oxen, and his eldest daughter the first prize for red-poll heifers. The sheep were very good, but Lord Walsingham in this department was too strong for Royalty itself, and took the first prize. The roots and corn shown were marked by fine quality. In short, both as regards exhibits and exhibitors, it was a capital and thoroughly representative East Anglian Show.

FOOT AND MOUTH DISEASE now rages in six-and-thirty counties of England, where 2,432 farms are infected and 41,334 animals diseased. In Wales it prevails in six counties, on 41 farms, and it affects 490 animals. In Scotland only ten animals are now suffering from this plague, but Ireland reports its prevalence in eight counties, on 229 farms, and among 3,614 animals. There have been during the past week 664 fresh outbreaks in England, eight fresh outbreaks in Wales, two fresh outbreaks in Scotland, and 34 fresh outbreaks in Ireland. Thus stockkeepers and farmers suffer, while the Government persists in its blind refusal to obey the resolution of the House of Commons last summer, to exclude animals from infected countries.

NEW SORTS OF WHEAT.—The Royal Society this year offered prizes of 25*l.* and 10*l.* for distinctly new varieties of wheat combining the largest yield of grain and straw per acre, with approved form and size, smooth and thin skin, full and white kernel, and high specific gravity in the seed, and with bright, firm, and stiff straw. It is not encouraging to have to note that only two samples were sent in in this competition, and it is still less

encouraging to note that the judges refuse to award any prize, both samples sent in proving mere mixtures, and no new varieties. An ordinary white wheat sample grown alongside the competing samples yielded better than either of them.

LORD TOLLEMACHE opened on Tuesday, in the presence of a number of practical agriculturists, one of the silos which he has constructed on his Peckforton estate in Cheshire. The result of the experiment was pronounced entirely satisfactory.



A CONTRADICTION, evidently official, has been given to the rather startling statement that the Lord Chancellor is the author of, and has been circulating, a draft Bill for a considerable decentralisation of our judicial system. It is the handiwork of some private members of the House of Commons, who introduced it last Session, without even Lord Selborne's cognisance, and who are now circulating it on their own sole responsibility.

THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION have decided that the "compound householder," whose rates are paid by his landlord, is entitled to the municipal, just as, since the Reform Act of 1867, he has been to the Parliamentary franchise. This decision will add considerably to the number of municipal voters.

THE DECISION given in the case *Rolls v. Miller* deserves the attention of some active philanthropists. The defendants, among whom were the Earl of Aberdeen and Lord Kinnaird, as Trustees of the Home for Working Girls, had taken from a sub-lessee a house the original lease of which prohibited it being used for any trade or business without the consent of its lessor. The plaintiff, Mr. Rolls, M.P. for Monmouthshire, the original lessor, asked for an injunction to prevent the house from being used as a Home for Working Girls, on the ground that such a use constituted a business within the terms of the lease. As the inmates paid for their board and lodging, though no profit was derived from their payments, the Institution being one purely charitable, Mr. Justice Pearson with avowed regret held that a business was being carried on, and granted the injunction.

IN THE CASE of Speight and Others v. Gaunt, the House of Lords has confirmed the decision of the Court of Appeal reversing that of Vice-Chancellor Bacon, who made a trustee responsible for a considerable sum paid to a stockbroker as the purchase money of authorised securities, in which a portion of the funds of the trust-estate were to be invested. The stockbroker did not buy the securities, and embezzled the money. The Lord Chancellor held that as under the circumstances the employment of a stockbroker was desirable and customary, the trustee should be exonerated. Lord Selborne, however, intimated that his judgment might have been different had the purchase been one in which the employment of a broker as an intermediary was not needed. The decision and the Lord Chancellor's exposition of it are of importance to trustees.

THE QUEEN'S BENCH DIVISION dismissed the appeal brought by Sir Percy Shelley, son of the poet, against a conviction fining him for allowing his private theatre to be used for theatrical performances for admission to which money was paid, in contravention of the Act requiring a Royal Patent or a license from the Lord Chamberlain. It is noticeable that in this case the original summons against Sir Percy Shelley was not taken out by the manager of any theatre, but by his neighbour, Mr. Slingsby Bethell, who complained of the performances as a nuisance. The case will be considered a leading one, and note should be taken of it by the promoters of amateur dramatic performances for charitable objects.

AFTER A LONG TRIAL the action of Bellairs v. Haymen and others ended in a verdict in favour of the plaintiff, who had taken shares in the French Date Coffee Company, Limited, on the faith of statements made in a prospectus which had been issued by the defendants as promoters, and which he maintained were false. The Company going into liquidation, and the plaintiff being sued for calls, he brought this action against a promoter to recover the amount claimed for the calls. The decision, if upheld, will be a warning to promoters, on whom, in this case, and not on the shareholders, the loss will have to fall.

WARDEN having pleaded guilty on Monday to the charge of stealing securities deposited with the London and River Plate Bank, his counsel informed the Court that the Directors of the Bank recommended him to merciful consideration. He was sentenced to twelve years' penal servitude, and proceeded to give evidence against his accomplice, Watters, who was found guilty of having received the securities knowing them to have been stolen, and who, protesting his innocence, was sentenced on Tuesday to twelve years' penal servitude.

ON THURSDAY LAST WEEK a discovery of explosive machines was made in a lodging-house in Vincent Square, Westminster. Suspicion attached to Wolff, the keeper of the house, said to be a Swiss, as he was known to be an active member of Socialist societies, and as his house was recently the scene of an explosion attributed to gas, but surmised by the police to have been caused by explosives. They had reason to believe in a design to blow up the German Embassy. Wolff was arrested, and on being examined before the magistrate he said that the machine belonged to a French lodger in his house, and that he himself had informed the police of the design against the German Embassy. The foreign Socialists in London are raising a fund in aid of Wolff's family and for his defence.



THE TURF.—The very large fields which characterised the recent gathering at Derby were eclipsed by those at Manchester at the end of last week, and very seldom indeed have so many horses run at any meeting, owners evincing an almost unprecedented desire to get something towards the hay and oats winter bills. The November Handicap on Saturday last was the winding-up contest of the legitimate season, and genuine lovers of the Turf and of good horses had the pleasure of seeing a sterling animal like Corrie Roy win this important race. She carried the highest weight, 9 st. 10 lbs., and, considering the holding nature of the course, her performance was a first-class one in beating thirteen other animals of fair class, many of whom had comparatively light imposts. Though this grand mare has been a little uncertain this season, her victory on Saturday last stamps her excellence, and in the opinion of many puts her on a par with the famous Isonomy. Her sire, Galopin, can now boast the best handicap animal in training and at the same time the best two-year-old of the season in St. Simon. At Manchester Archer scored his 232nd winning mount for the season, thus surpassing by three his previously best record of 229 in 1878. Thus for the tenth year in succession he has had the greatest number of winning mounts of any jockey, and, as has been the

case for the last three years, Wood comes next to him, his score this season being 186. Fordham, the veteran, comes third, showing a splendid average, and scoring 77; G. Barrett occupies the fourth place, with 63 as his figures.—Croydon, which has seen at many first-class steeplechasers contend at its meetings, and Leicester, have been the "cross-country" trysts for the current week, and the "illegitimate" season is fairly inaugurated. The Croydon Meeting was favoured with most pleasant weather, and the racing was fairly good, though many of the fields were but small. Zittella secured another winning bracket in the Stewards' Steeplechase, ridden by one of the famous Beasley brethren; and in the race the Duke of Hamilton's promising chaser, Olio, fell and broke his back. Maggie, so called from the white patches about him, took the Selling Steeplechase from eight others, young William Nightingale, the son of the Epsom trainer, making his "cross-country" debut successfully. He seems to have followed his father's instructions to "get well away, keep a good place, have no fear, and let his horse take his fences without interference," well enough. The Grand National Hurdle Race, which has been bereft of its former glories, produced seven starters, and Sir W. Throckmorton's Phantom, the outsider of the party, won, Theophrastus, the favourite, who has been hard at work for some seasons, and won the race last year, only getting third. The Great Metropolitan Steeplechase on the second day saw but a beggarly array of three animals at the post, and of this small company the favourite, Sugar Plum, proved the best at the weights. In the Sydenham Hurdle Race, won by Schiller, Topsy and Bright Idea fell, giving their riders, Senner and Childs, severe shakings.—The death of Count Lagrange, who for so many years was a leading character on the French and English Turf, was a mournful close to the racing season. He won our Derby with Gladiateur, perhaps the best horse that has run of late years; and more money in one year in stakes than any owner of race horses. By his death Archiduc, one of the crack two-year-olds, is disqualified for the Derby.

FOOTBALL.—The Football Association Cup contest has now been weeded of many of the weakest competitors, and before Christmas we shall be able to form something in the way of a judgment of those likely to be left in towards the finish. The match between the Old Foresters and the Old Carthusians naturally attracted a large number of spectators to the Oval, who witnessed the defeat of the former by seven goals to two. Another important game in this competition has been that between Accrington and Blackburn Park Road, won by the former by three goals to two.—At the Park Side Ground, Nottingham, immense interest was shown in the Association match between Nottingham Forest and Dumbarton, the holders of the Scottish Challenge Cup. After a fiercely contested game, the "Reds" came triumphantly out of the contest, winning by three goals to one. Another good game at Nottingham has been that between Notts and Sheffield, the home team winning by four goals to one.—For the tenth time since one code of rules was agreed upon by both Associations, London and Sheffield have met. Unfortunately London only played ten men for the last fifteen minutes, but this will hardly account for their defeat by three goals to nothing.—Oxford, in a Rugby game, has beaten Blackheath, and Aston Villa in an Association game; and Association-wise Cambridge and the Old Etonians have played a draw.—Inter-county football is becoming more and more popular. The great Rugby match between Yorkshire and Lancashire at Halifax resulted in the victory of the former by two goals to nil.—At Glasgow, in the presence of something like 5,000 spectators, Queen's Park has beaten Glasgow Pilgrims in the Scottish Association Cup contest.

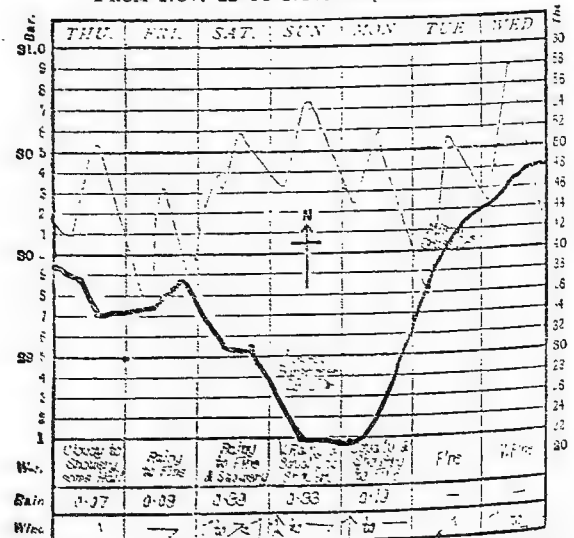
LACROSSE.—The increasing popularity of this game is evidenced by the fact that several clubs are now strong enough to play "second" teams. Among the latter the London II. has played a match against the Cambridge University Remnants, which resulted in the victory of the Cambridge men at Blackheath by two games to one.

AQUATICS.—The Oxford Trial Eights will be rowed at Monsoon on the 8th of next month.

COURSING.—There has been no public meeting of importance since our last notes, but the number of gatherings has been very large, and the weather all a courser could wish. The increasing popularity of the sport is shown by the fact that already 7,840 greyhounds have been registered under the new rules. The list of nominators for the Waterloo Cup has come to hand, and the new names which appear are those of Messrs. E. M. Crosse, G. F. Fawcett, W. Osborn, A. Vines, and E. Webb.

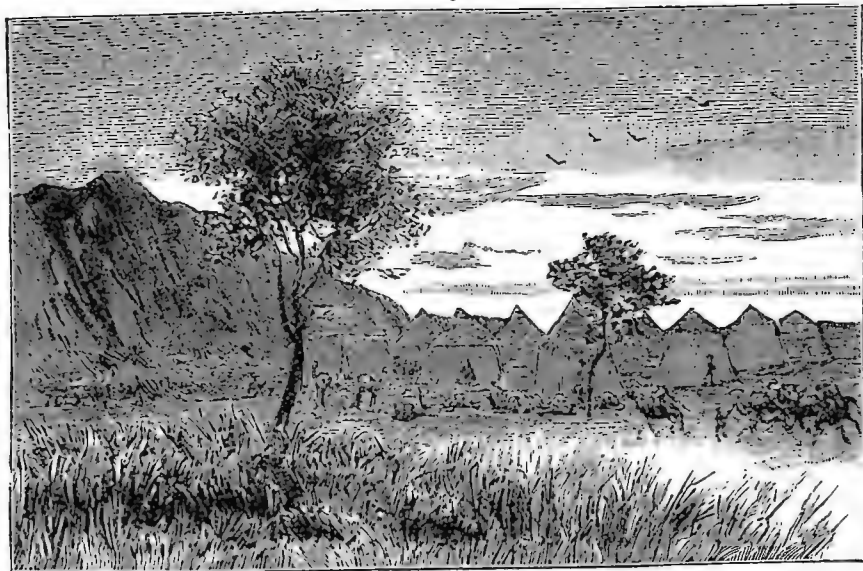
WEATHER CHART FOR THE WEEK

FROM NOV. 22 TO NOV. 28 (INCLUSIVE).



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the past week ending Wednesday midnight. The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

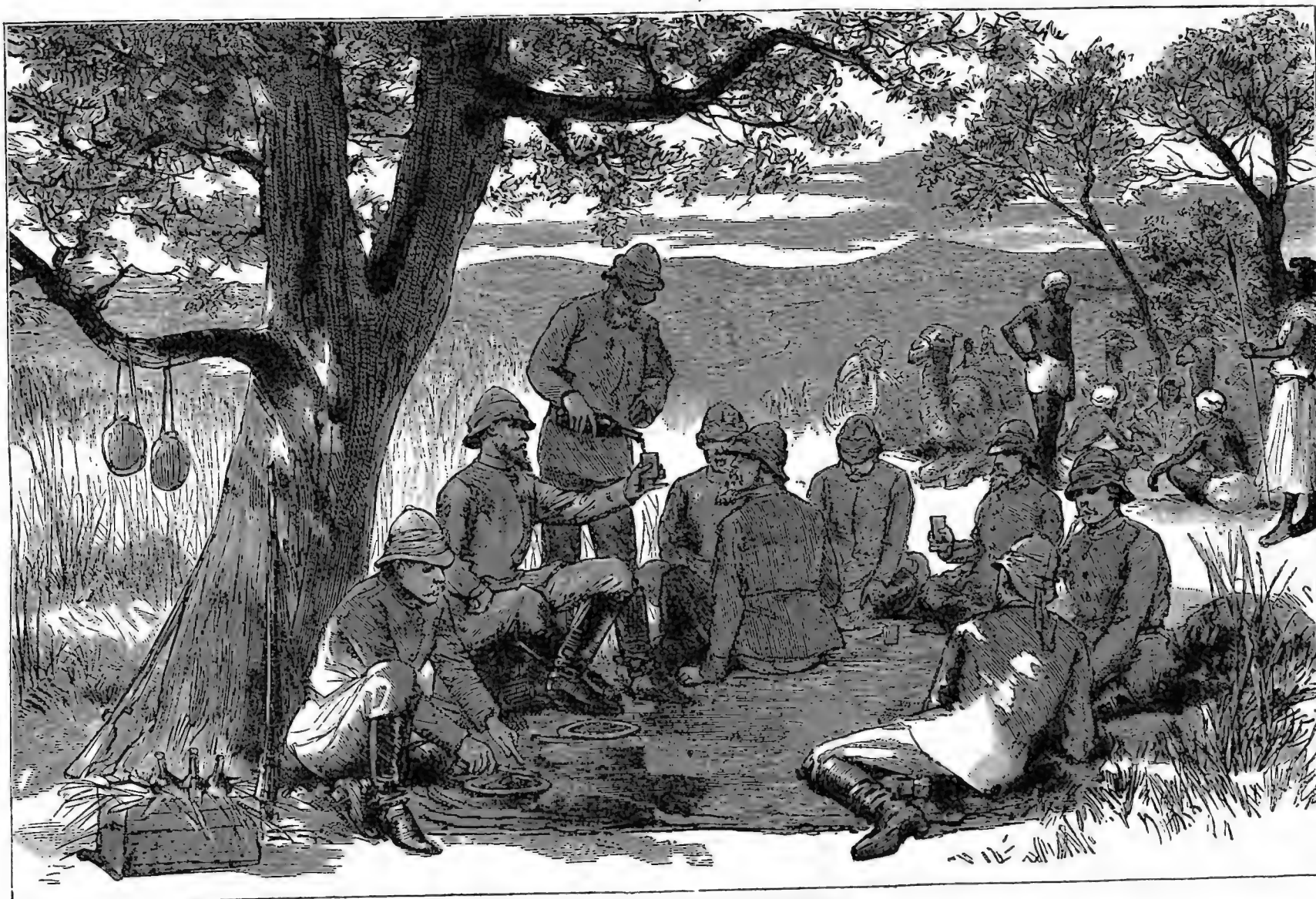
REMARKS.—The weather during the past week—excepting the last two days—has been very changeable and wet. Considerable range in pressure and fluctuation in temperature has occurred. This condition of affairs has been caused by a succession of depressions and subsidaries passing over the British Islands from the westward. The first of these appeared in the course of Thursday (22nd Nov.) over our south-western districts in the form of a secondary disturbance, the main depression being in the extreme north, and by Friday morning (23rd Nov.) was found near the Straits of Dover, some hail, and afterwards rain, being in attendance, with a distinct improvement later. The next depression, which rather deep, appeared off the Hebrides on Saturday (24th Nov.), and a general fall in pressure took place, accompanied by showery weather and strong westerly winds. Sunday (25th Nov.) found the barometer receding still more, and heavy rain, with squally winds, were experienced. Monday witnessed a very rapid rise in the mercury (improving weather), and, continuing throughout Tuesday and Wednesday (27th and 28th Nov.), a much less quickly, fine weather prevailed, with abnormally high temperature for the time of year (55° on the last-mentioned day). The barometer was highest (30.38 inches) on Wednesday (25th Nov.), lowest (29.07 inches) on Sunday (24th Nov.); range, 1.31 inch. Temperature was highest (55°) on Wednesday (25th Nov.), lowest (45°) on Friday (22nd Nov.); range, 10°. Rain fell on five days. Total amount, 1.07 inches. Greatest fall on any one day, 0.39 inch, on Saturday (24th Nov.).



FORTY MILES FROM SUAKIM—LEADING OUT CAMELS AT EARLY DAWN



ON THE ROAD TO BERBER, EIGHTY MILES FROM SUAKIM—A HALT



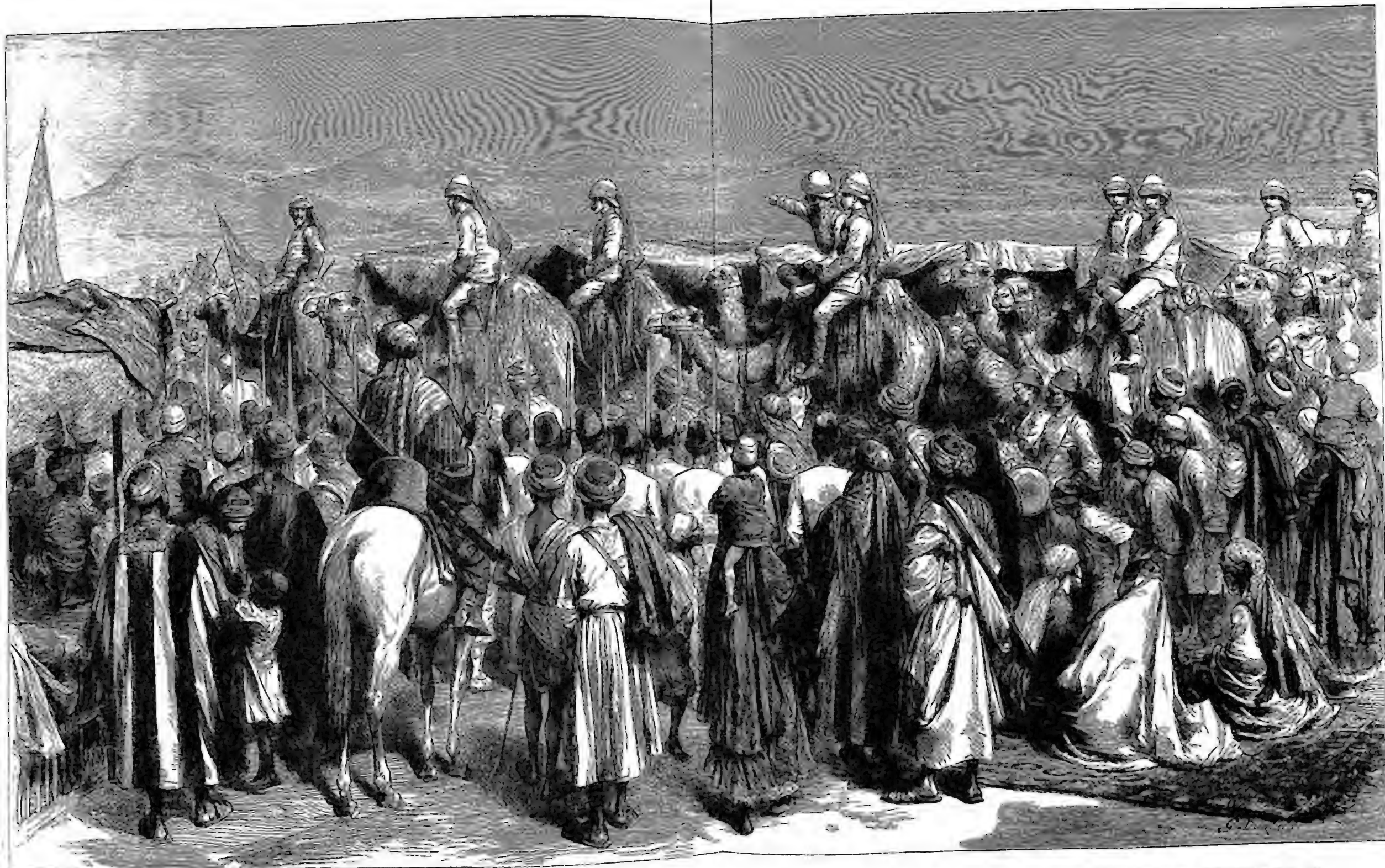
A MID-DAY HALT IN A HOWLING WILDERNESS



HICKS PASHA AND HIS STAFF TRAVELLING BY MOONLIGHT ESCORTED BY A NATIVE SHEIKH AND HIS BODY-GUARD

THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION—WITH HICKS PASHA'S FORCE

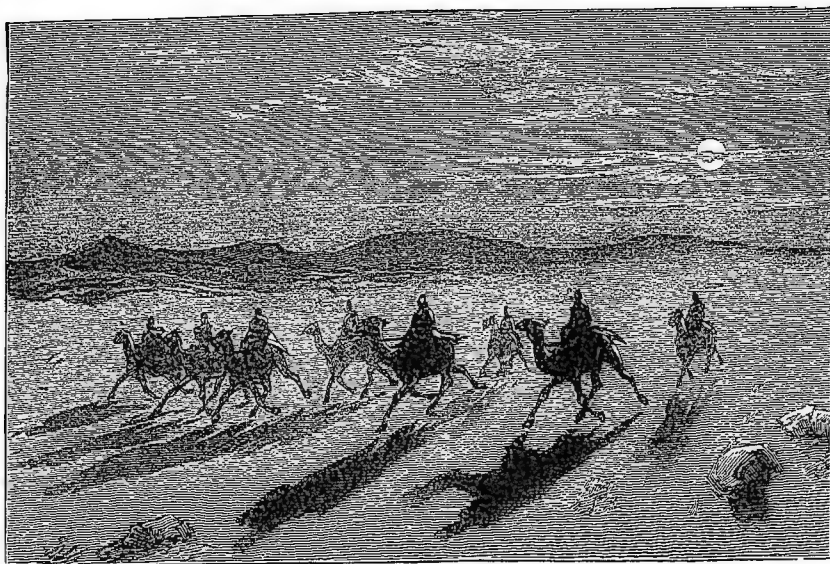
SKETCHES OF THE MARCH FROM SUAKIM TO KHARTOUM, BY COLONEL THE HON. J. COLBORNE, AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



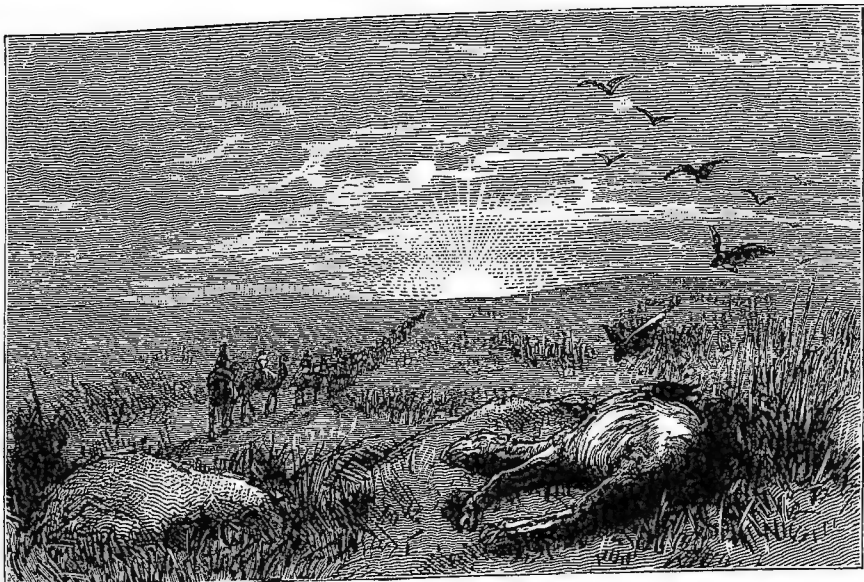
REPRODUCED FROM A FORMER ISSUE OF "THE GRAPHIC"

WITH THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION — HICKS PASHA AND HIS STAFF OF BRITISH OFFICERS LEAVING SUAKIM FOR KHARTOUM, FEBRUARY 18

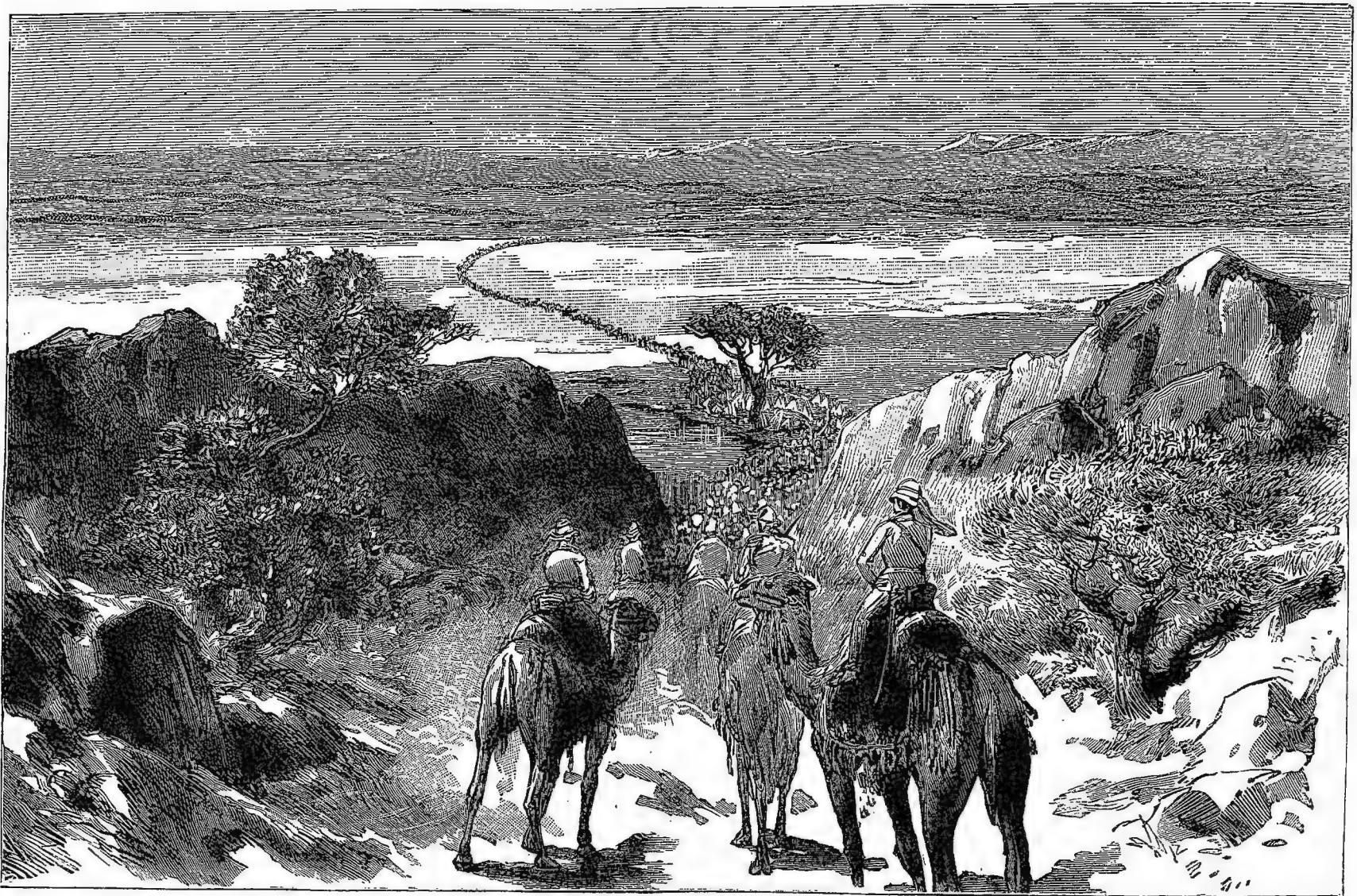
FROM A SKETCH BY COLONEL THE HON. J. COLBORNE, A BRITISH OFFICER OF THE SOUDAN FIELD FORCE



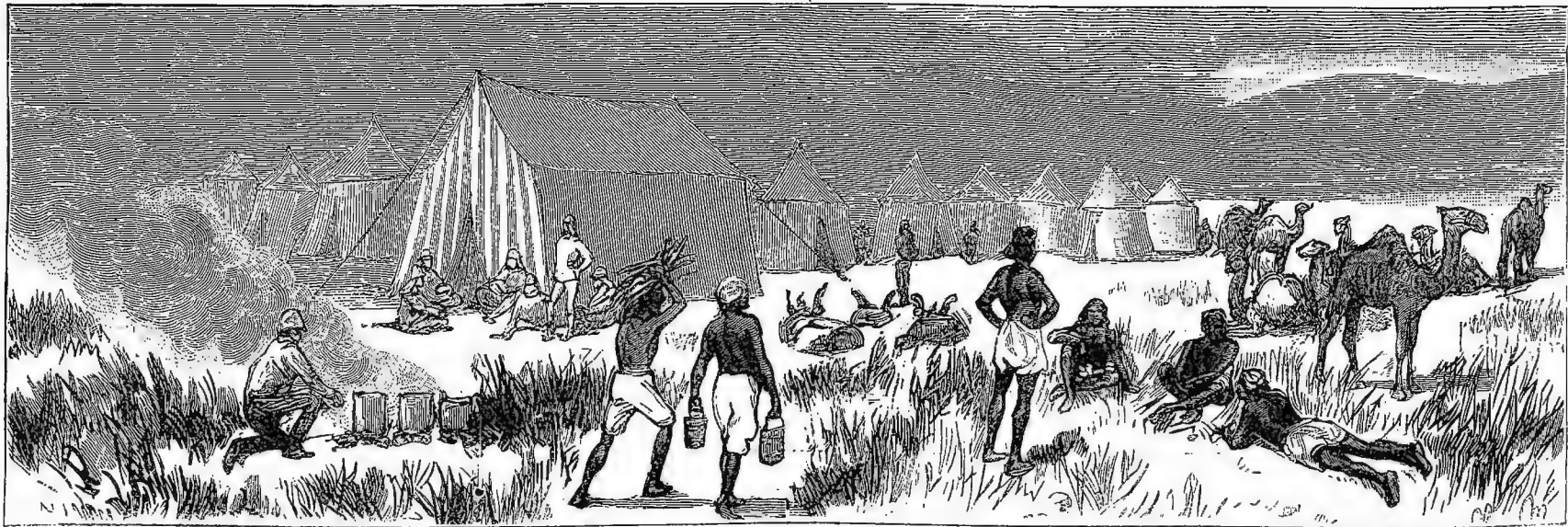
A MOONLIGHT RIDE IN THE DESERT



LEFT TO DIE



THE MARCH THROUGH THE DESERT



A HALT IN THE DESERT ON THE WAY TO BERBER

THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION—WITH HICKS PASHA'S FORCE
SKETCHES OF THE MARCH FROM SUAKIM TO KHARTOUM, BY COLONEL THE HON. J. COLBORNE, AN OFFICER OF THE EXPEDITIONARY FORCE



DRAWN BY WILLIAM SMALL

"Sit down and read the papers." I did as she bade me.

THIRLBY HALL

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MOLLE DE MERSAC," "NO NEW THING," &C.

CHAPTER XXX. (continued)

I RETURNED to town, meditating over Harry's advice, which seemed to be well-meant, and wondering what Lady Constance would say to it all. I expected to meet her at a dinner-party that evening; but when the time came she failed to make her appearance, having, as subsequently transpired, sent an excuse at the last moment. I was not sorry for this respite, as I thought matters might be more comfortably discussed in Hill Street, whither I repaired as early as possible on the following afternoon.

The door was opened, after some little delay, by a young man in plain clothes, who looked as if I had interrupted him in the act of brushing the powder out of his hair. It appeared to me that he was struggling with a smile, as he said briskly—"Ladyship's left town, sir."

"By Jove!" I ejaculated, involuntarily; and then I proceeded to ask when Lady Constance had left and how soon her return might be looked for.

"Not coming back at all, sir," replied the ex-footman, evidently much enjoying my discomfiture. "Her ladyship left yesterday morning for the Continent."

I was so astounded that I turned, without another word, and should have walked away if I had not at this moment become aware of the slow and majestic approach of a well-known white waistcoat. I could not refuse myself the pleasure of watching Mr. Sotheran's demeanour under the blow which was about to fall upon him, and I stood aside as he mounted the steps.

He recognised me with much affability—"How do you do, Mr. Maxwell, how do you do? Warm afternoon, is it not?"—and marched on unsuspectingly to receive his sentence from the lips of the servant, who was now grinning delightedly.

For a moment he was evidently staggered. His eyes became as large and round as those of the First Dog in the fairy-tale of the Tinder-box; his jaw fell, and he gasped out, "Eh?—what?—gone abroad?" But presently he regained his customary phlegmatic calm, and drew out his card-case, merely observing, "I had an appointment with Lady Constance for this afternoon."

"Indeed, sir? Dear me, sir," said the young man, upon whose manners sudden emancipation from the shackles of livery seemed to have produced a deleterious effect.

Mr. Sotheran frowned at him heavily. "I presume that you are no longer in Lady Constance's service," said he. "Has she broken up her establishment, pray?"

"Yes, sir. We was took by surprise, having been given to understand as we should be wanted for another month at least."

"Well, you got a month's wages, I suppose," said Mr. Sotheran, shortly. "What is Lady Constance's present address?"

"Her ladyship didn't leave no address, sir."

"Nonsense!" returned Mr. Sotheran; "she must have left some address for her letters."

The young man said he would inquire, and came back, after a short absence, with the somewhat startling information that letters were to be forwarded to Poste Restante, Constantinople.

Mr. Sotheran and I walked down the street together, community of misfortune making us almost friends for the time being.

"This is a bad job," I remarked. "She has gone to have a look at the war, of course."

"No doubt she has," agreed my companion. "Yes; no doubt that will be it. It is, as you say, an unfortunate freak, and one that may be attended, I fear, with considerable risk. The last accounts of the cholera are most alarming. I almost question," he continued, speaking rather to himself than to me, "whether I should not do well to follow her."

"I hope to goodness you won't do that!" I exclaimed. And when he asked me why he should not, I answered, not very civilly, "Oh, well, you might get the cholera yourself, you know."

"I should not allow myself to be deterred by any fears of that kind," said Mr. Sotheran.

"But might you not allow yourself to be deterred by fear of intruding where you were not wanted?" I suggested; for, not being able to go to Constantinople myself, I was unwilling to allow my rival so great an advantage over me.

"My young friend," said Mr. Sotheran, not unkindly, "you are of course aware of the hopes that I entertain with regard to Lady Constance. I have been told, and I believe that there is a foundation of truth in the rumour, that you yourself have similar hopes. Will you allow me to advise you, in all good faith and sincerity, to dismiss any such vague notions from your mind? The fact is that you have not the ghost of a chance against me."

"You are very modest!" cried I, laughing. "How can you possibly tell what my chance may be?"

"Don't misunderstand me," went on Mr. Sotheran; "I am far from asserting that Lady Constance may not prefer your society to mine. But when it comes to so serious a question as that of marriage, I have advantages over you which every man and woman of the world must at once see and admit. I have reason to believe that Lady Constance does admit them."

So had I; but I didn't say so. I contented myself with observing that Lady Constance was not always and altogether influenced by considerations of worldly wisdom.

"I think, however, that she will prove to be so in the present instance," Mr. Sotheran rejoined. "So far as I am concerned, you are very welcome to try your best with her; but I warn you that you will be disappointed. I have, in short, made up my mind to succeed," he concluded calmly.

"And do you consider that an infallible recipe for success?" I inquired.

Mr. Sotheran paused for a moment before replying. "Well, I have failed in some things, like most men; but that has always been when I have attempted a task beyond my powers. This task is within my powers, and I have no fear of failure. I have been perfectly open with you, Mr. Maxwell," he added; "because, in spite of the—may I say juvenile petulance?—with which you have sometimes treated me, I like you, and because I think it is a pity that you should waste your time in the pursuit of shadows. Believe

me, you will do very well without Lady Constance Milner. I will even go further, and say that, in my humble opinion, Lady Constance is not good enough for you. I am by no means blind to her defects, I can assure you; but the difference between us is that you will outgrow your present fancy, whereas I am too old to change. Good evening to you. Think over what I have said."

And Mr. Sotheran turned into Brooks's, while I walked on, somewhat nettled, but with an increased respect for my elderly rival. I soon banished him and his warning from my thoughts, however, and fell to busying myself with conjectures as to the cause of Lady Constance's flight. Debt—satiety—caprice—any one of these might have sufficed to send her off on her travels again, and it was quite in accordance with her habits to disappear without taking formal leave of her friends. Yet I thought that she might have made an exception in favour of one of them, and as soon as I reached home I wrote her a letter in which I gave pathetic expression to this sentiment. Remembering that we had parted almost in anger, I implored her to forgive me, if I had been so unfortunate as to incur her displeasure; I begged her at least to let me know what her movements were likely to be; but, after considering of it, I decided not to bring forward the subject of my cousin's resuscitation. Such an announcement at such a time might be fatal; and if Mr. Sotheran carried out his threat of following her to the East, there was no saying what she might not be brought to consent to in a moment of despondency.

When I had finished and despatched my letter, I surprised myself whistling in a light-hearted manner, and asked myself sternly what I meant by such conduct. I ought to have been weeping and tearing my hair. I had been deceived—more or less deceived, at all events—by my friend; I had been deserted by the object of my affections; I had been calmly defied by a formidable rival; and I was about to be disinherited by my uncle. Why, then, in Heaven's name, should I feel like a schoolboy let out for a holiday?

Being unable to reply to these pertinent questions, either then or the next day, when the same unaccountable gaiety of spirits took possession of me, I felt drawn towards obtaining the opinion of an unprejudiced person upon my case; and so it came about that, exactly twenty-four hours after the disappointment which I had met with in Hill Street, I was ringing the door-bell of Mrs. Saville's house in Portman Square.

Mrs. Saville, I was informed, had gone out driving, but further inquiry produced the pleasant intelligence that Miss Dennison was at home, and would see me. Under which circumstances, I devoutly hoped that Mrs. Saville's drive might be a prolonged one.

CHAPTER XXXI.

LADY CONSTANCE MAKES A FINAL CONCESSION.

IT WAS an immense comfort to me to be able to talk openly to Maud, without betraying any one's confidence. I made her acquainted with all the circumstances relating to my first meeting with Harry, to our subsequent friendship, and to my discovery of

his wife and child, not forgetting the episode of Mrs. Farquhar's visit to Richmond and Harry's explanation of his conduct upon that occasion; and when I had done, she observed that, for a diplomatist, I did not seem to be very quick at distinguishing honest men from rogues.

That Harry was not a rogue, and a very clever one too, she declined to believe. "The whole thing is as clear as daylight," she said. "He has contrived to get what he wants without any assistance from you, because it would not at all suit his book to be indebted to your generosity, and I have no doubt that it is he who has traduced you to your uncle. My only hope is that Mr. Le Marchant may be a little less blind than you. You had better leave them alone, I think, for the present; there can be no use in your going to Thirby now that matters have reached such a pass."

But although Maud scolded me more than was quite just, and although she had some searching questions to put to me about Lady Constance, whose unexpected departure I was obliged to mention, I spent the best part of an hour so agreeably with her that I walked away at last, thinking to myself that perhaps such visits might not be altogether wise. Upon calmer reflection, however, I perceived that, if Maud's vicinity stirred up memories and regrets within me, there was nothing very alarming in that, nor indeed anything new. I had regretted my infidelity to her all along; I should doubtless continue to regret it to the end of my days; but regrets were hardly likely to change either her or me. The romance of my boyhood was dead and buried—so deeply buried that Maud seemed actually to have forgotten that it had ever had any existence. I might perhaps at one time have had a chance of winning her love; but I had thrown that chance away finally and irrevocably. There remained to me her friendship, of which I should be exceedingly foolish to deprive myself, seeing that I had not precisely a plethora of disinterested friends in the world.

Fortified by these convictions, I did not hesitate to dine in Portman Square, as I was invited to do a few days later; and, after that, finding Mrs. Saville and her daughter disposed to be amiable, I spent a good deal of my spare time in their house. After the first few days, Maud and I spoke little of Thirby and of what was going on there. She yielded a reluctant assent to my proposition that the subject was one which had already been more than sufficiently talked over; and indeed the home news that reached us was of the most meagre description. My uncle wrote much as usual, scarcely alluding to the circumstance that his family circle had been increased; although he asked me to try and find him a Shetland pony of docile character, suitable for a child learning to ride;—an order which seemed significant. As for Harry, he did not write at all.

Nor did any letter reach me from the East. Once or twice I encountered Mr. Sotheran, which was proof positive that he had thought better of his intention to pursue Lady Constance; but on these occasions he only nodded to me without speaking, and I did not ask him whether he had any news of the absentee, feeling tolerably certain that he had none.

The London season, meanwhile, was drawing to its close. Parliament sat late that year; but the dearth of entertainments, added to the alarm of cholera, drove away most of those who could leave town before the end of July; and Mrs. Saville followed the stream, taking Maud with her. During the two or three weeks that followed I had a great deal of my own company, and very dull company I found it. My anxiety about Lady Constance, which had slumbered peacefully enough while Maud had been in London, woke up again and pestered me day and night. If I had known at all where to look for her, I might have been tempted to spend the month of leave which was all that an exacting country would allow me in making a dash for the seat of war; but as there was an even probability of Lady Constance's being by that time fomenting sedition at Warsaw, or stirring up a clearer conception of the political crisis in the breast of a philosophical potentate at Berlin, I abandoned the idea of engaging in any such wild-goose chase. Moreover, the path of duty plainly led towards Norfolk.

Three quarters of the month of August had passed slowly away, and I was in the act of packing my portmanteau, one evening, preparatory to a move homewards on the morrow, when a note was brought to me which, on being opened, proved to contain only the following laconic command:—"Come and see me any time after eight o'clock to-night at Claridge's Hotel.—C. M."

Lady Constance had returned, then! I gazed at the paper which bore the evidence of her presence in London with somewhat mixed feelings. Of course I was overjoyed at the thought of seeing her once more, and very glad that she had arrived just in time to catch me before my departure for Thirby; but the thought which did not overjoy me at all was that of the long-deferred statement that I should have to make that evening. Still, it was impossible to foresee what Lady Constance's views might be on any given subject, and it was some comfort that I had my uncle's authority for assuring her that no irrevocable settlement had as yet been decided upon.

I was at Claridge's at five minutes past eight, and was shown without delay into Lady Constance's sitting-room, where I found her still in her travelling dress, answering letters, of which a large heap lay open upon the table before her. She glanced up as I made my entrance, but did not move or offer me her hand. "Is that you?" she said. "Sit down and read the papers; I shall be ready for you in a few minutes."

I was too familiar with her peculiarities to resent this cold welcome. I did as she bade me, and for some little time there was silence, except for the scratching of her pen, as she dashed off and addressed note after note, apparently oblivious of my presence. I scrutinised her features, upon which the light of a shaded lamp fell, and it struck me that her journey had not done her much good. She looked paler than usual and more careworn, and from time to time she pressed her hand upon her temples, as though her head ached. At length she threw down her pen and requested me to ring the bell, and Antonio appearing presently in answer to the summons, she handed her pile of letters to him, telling him to have them posted. Then she got up, and took a chair nearer to the one upon which I was seated.

"Well," she began, "did you think you had seen the last of me?"

"I didn't think it would be quite so bad as that," answered I; "but I have been feeling very uneasy about you lately, I confess. Did you get my letter?"

"Your letter? Oh, you mean the one that you wrote directly after I started. Yes; it reached me; but you know I never answer letters unless I am obliged."

"Why did you go off like that?" I asked reproachfully. "I don't think it was very kind of you."

"Ought I to have asked your permission first? I should have let you know that I was going; but I couldn't tell that you would allow twenty-four hours to pass without coming to see me, and I found it quite impossible to wait. I am not like most people, who grow gradually weary of their surroundings: a disgust for places seizes upon me all of a sudden, and then I feel that it is a case for immediate departure or self-destruction. You would not have liked to find me on the drawing-room floor in Hill Street with my throat cut."

"No; but you might have sent me a line to say that you were leaving, and to give me an opportunity of bidding you good-bye. Then at least I should have heard what part of the world you were bound for."

"I didn't think of it. I apologise. It seems, however, that you did discover my destination."

"Only by chance. I was so astonished at hearing of your

departure that I was going away without asking any more questions, when Mr. Sotheran came up and, with great presence of mind, demanded your address."

"Ah, yes. He also favoured me with a long letter."

"Which I trust you didn't answer."

"Yes, I did. He wished to know whether I intended to keep my promise of visiting some neighbours of his during the autumn, and he said he should pursue me to Turkey or elsewhere if he did not receive a speedy reply. So I wrote to tell him that he might expect me back in England before September. I thought it unnecessary to take that precaution in your case, as you had not held out the same threat."

"I suppose that means that you wanted to be rid of both of us."

"I can't contradict you. There are times when one wants to be rid of everybody, oneself included. In a general way, I should say that any one who was tired of life could not do better than go to Constantinople at the present time; but I have the constitution of an ostrich, and I suffered from nothing worse than a prolonged attack of the blues. Then I went to Varna and had a look at the allied armies, by way of raising my spirits. They are dying like so many flies, and though they talk of invading the Crimea and taking Sebastopol, the knowing people say that a peace will be patched up and the whole expedition will collapse. When I had seen and heard enough horrors to satisfy me for the rest of my days, I retreated to Vienna; after which I looked in upon my brother at Franzenshöhe—who begged me to say all sorts of kind things to you, by-the-bye—and so I made my way back to London. Now you have heard the history of my doings, and it is your turn to speak. Have you made up your quarrel with Miss Dennison yet?"

"I never had any quarrel with her," I answered.

"No? But are you engaged to be married to her?"

"I don't think you need ask that question," said I. "If you don't understand that I shall never marry anybody, unless, by some miracle, it should be yourself, I am sorry for it; but I can hardly say or do anything more than I have done to convince you."

"She is a very pretty girl," observed Lady Constance abstractedly. "I remember making you quite hot and angry at the Opera by some disparaging remarks about her, which were not in the least sincere. The vulgar belief that a plain woman is always jealous of a pretty one is perfectly correct, like most vulgar beliefs, whatever assertions may be made to the contrary."

"You, at all events, are not plain, and need not be jealous of anybody," I remarked.

"Ah," said Lady Constance, smiling, "I see you have realised the truth of another vulgar aphorism, that you can never go wrong in telling a woman that she is pretty. Stick to that rule, and you will do well. I presume you have been to see Miss Dennison since that night."

"Of course I have," answered I. "We are very old friends; and though I was in love with her once, she never was at all in love with me. You don't mind my seeing her, do you?"

Lady Constance laughed outright. "Why should I mind? The miracle hasn't occurred yet, you know. Now tell me some more news, if you have any to tell."

"I have one thing to tell you," I replied, eager to acquit myself of my task and have done with it; "but I don't know whether it will interest you. You remember the story of that cousin of mine who was sent away from home in disgrace, and whom I was in a sort of way supposed to have replaced? Well, my uncle has almost made up his mind to pardon him. At least, Harry has been staying at Thirby for some weeks upon trial, as it were, and I believe I may look upon it as tolerably certain now that I shall never be one of the landed gentry of Norfolk."

Lady Constance, who had, up to this point, been lying back with her eyes half closed, and had spoken in a weary, apathetic tone, sat up in her chair now and looked at me anxiously. "Do you mean to say," she asked, "that you have been so insane as to put this man in your place?"

I explained that my cousin's restoration was due to no efforts made by me on his behalf, but simply to the fact that he had a wife and child, of whose existence my uncle had until lately been ignorant.

"A wife and child!" repeated Lady Constance; "this sounds serious. What sort of a wife, and what sort of a child?"

"His wife," answered I, "is a very good sort of woman in her way; but she is not a lady, and I am afraid she will never be made to resemble one. The boy, of course, can be sent to school and formed, like other boys."

"H'm! I wouldn't give a five-pound note for your chances. Let me see; what was it that cousin of yours did? Was it forgery?"

"No; I am sorry to say it was cheating at cards," I answered.

"But this happened a good many years ago, and—"

"Ah, I remember now," interrupted Lady Constance. "That man Chapman told me the whole history; but I did not attend particularly to what he said. Probably he knew very little about it."

"He ought to know as much about it as anybody," I observed. "I am free to disclose now that his name is not Chapman, but Harry Le Marchant. It was his own history that he told you."

Lady Constance started visibly, and I asked her, laughing, whether she was very much astonished.

"I am indeed!" she said; "I am astonished beyond measure. I have always been told, and I have always believed, that it takes a sharp man to make a fool of me; but your gifted cousin has successfully accomplished that feat. He must be a very finished rascal. I wonder, now, what interest he had in taking me in!"

"I don't think his assuming a false name was so very unnatural," I remarked.

"I was not thinking about his name. What I should like to arrive at is his motive for having urged me to marry you."

"If he did that," said I, "I believe it was out of pure goodwill."

"So I should think!" returned Lady Constance sarcastically. "I never did the wretched creature an injury," she went on. "On the contrary, I always paid him well, and I was more polite to him than ninety-nine people out of a hundred would have been; and yet, knowing all the time that he intended to cut you out, he actually had the audacity to tell me in so many words that your expectations were as assured as anybody's in the kingdom!"

"It looks rather awkward, I admit," said I; "but the explanation is simple enough. He never believed that my uncle would be induced to overlook his offence; and indeed I don't know that he wished very much to be forgiven."

I then entered into a few details touching the peculiarities of Harry's position and the views which he entertained with regard to it; but these failed to move Lady Constance, who merely reiterated her conviction that my cousin was a scoundrel of a very perfect order.

"If you had only heard him," she exclaimed. "He came to me with a thousand apologies—felt that he was taking a liberty which nothing but my generosity could excuse, and so forth, and so forth; but you had been so kind to him, and I had been so kind to him, and in short, he would rather run the risk of offending me than that our joint lives should be spoilt through any misconception of the true facts of the case. Was it sheer mischief and spite, I wonder, or did he really think that he could profit in some way by our marriage?"

"I am quite sure he did not," said I.

"Don't be too sure. If it were worth investigating, I fancy we

should find that there was a practical aim under all that emotion, though I confess I don't at present see what it could be. One can't help being a little amused at the fellow's impudence. Still, it was very nearly ending in a joke which we should have found it rather difficult to laugh at. I may admit that, now that it is all over."

"I suppose it is all over," said I, looking down at the carpet.

Lady Constance made no reply, and for some minutes there was silence between us. When I looked up, I saw that there was a red spot on each of her cheeks, and that she was twisting and turning the rings upon her fingers nervously. I drew a little nearer to her, and said:—

"I wish I knew whether you really cared for me at all. If you do, I believe, upon my honour and conscience, that you would be happier married to me, a poor man, than to Mr. Sotheran, or some other millionaire. I shall have a thousand a year—perhaps a little more, and you, I suppose, have something. You smile at the idea of marrying upon such a pittance; yet how many hundreds of people do it, and live decently enough? Ought you not to think again before you decide to turn me away?"

Lady Constance made no direct answer. "You don't plead very passionately," she remarked.

"Would it make any difference if I did?" asked I.

"Perhaps not; but it would lend an air of reality to the situation. You don't like me to laugh when you intimate that we might marry upon a thousand a year; but really, if you will think of it, it is much better to laugh a little, and the proposition is rather a funny one in itself. Do you know what my yearly dressmaker's bill amounts to? But never mind!—under the circumstances, we are not called upon to consider items. Just examine yourself strictly and honestly for a minute or two, and then tell me whether you are serious in suggesting that two such people as you and I should set up house upon a thousand a year, or even upon twice that amount."

I endeavoured to comply with her request; but it was not so easy to say exactly what I thought. What I did say at last was—"The whole question depends upon the feeling that you may have for me. No one likes to be poor, yet there are worse things than poverty."

"When I first knew you," rejoined Lady Constance, "you had a simplicity of thought and speech which was very delightful; but I am afraid you are becoming corrupted. Your answer is nothing but a prevarication, and you know it."

"And you?" I returned, with some warmth, "are you so straightforward? I tried to give you as honest an answer as the case admits of; but you will give me no answer at all. Tell me at least one thing; do you intend to marry Mr. Sotheran?"

"As matters have fallen out, it is extremely probable that I shall," she replied.

"Then," cried I, "you are deliberately choosing a life which you know beforehand must be miserable! Is there no way of saving you?"

She shook her head. "None, I am afraid. But I will make one concession—a final one. If, within a few weeks' time you are able to tell me that your uncle has dismissed his son, I, on my side, will dismiss Mr. Sotheran. I think that ought to satisfy you."

It was the old temptation; but I was no longer scared by it. The guidance of events had, happily, passed out of my hands, and I saw in Lady Constance's proposal only a means of gaining time and an enlarged field laid open to chance.

"Is that a bargain, then?" she asked presently. "You shall write to me when you can speak positively as to the future. Or, perhaps, you had better see me. You know my cousins, the Fitzpatrick, do you not? I am going to stay with them in Yorkshire on the 10th of September, and you can join me there between that and the 15th."

"But they haven't asked me," I objected.

"I will manage that. Now I won't keep you any longer. Remember me to your cousin, and tell him what a genuine admiration I feel for his talents."

She rang the bell as she spoke; and in the presence of the grave Antonio, who immediately appeared, I could only bid her a formal farewell.

CHAPTER XXXII.

THE GENERAL USES STRONG LANGUAGE

ONE of those fugitive shocks of surprise which makes one doubt for an instant whether one is awake or asleep awaited me on my arrival at Thirby Station. As the train drew up beside the platform I saw in the roadway outside an old gentleman on a bay horse, and by his side, on a Shetland pony, a little boy, so exactly the counterpart of my former self, that I was fain to rub my eyes with some faint expectation that he would presently vanish into thin air. But the little boy stood this test, and remained a visible, palpable personage, seated out there on his pony in the autumn sunshine. His nether limbs were clad in untanned leather leggings (how well I remembered those old leggings!); his left hand held his reins and a short hunting-crop; his right was resting upon his pony's crupper, as he leant back to talk to his companion in an attitude which I myself had been wont to assume in days gone by. I used to think that this pose showed an easy familiarity with all the conditions of horsemanship: possibly my successor had formed a similar opinion.

"Jimmy and I have come to meet you, you see, Charley," said my uncle. And then, just for one moment, I felt a sharp twinge of jealousy. That Harry could never supplant me in the old man's affections I well knew; but somehow or other, it had not struck me before that the boy might very well do so; and now, when I saw them together, I could not help saying to myself that this was a little more than I had bargained for.

"We thought you would rather ride than drive, and we have brought the brown cob for you," my uncle went on. He spoke very gently, and when I glanced up at him, I saw an anxious, deprecating look in his kind old face. He just touched my shoulder with his hand, saying, "Jimmy is not such a good rider as you used to be." He had read my thoughts at once, and, understanding what his were, I made haste to reassure him by a nod.

Jimmy, who all this time had been gasping with eagerness to obtain a hearing, now burst forth into a clamorous welcome which relieved the meeting of all its temporary awkwardness.

"Oh, Cousin Charley, I'm so awfully glad you've come! We shall have rare larks now! Bunce says I may go out shooting with you, if you'll let me, and I can ride first-rate, can't I, grandfather? Just look at this."

And he administered a smart blow over the hind-quarters to his pony, who squealed and flung up his heels—the result being a considerable exhibition of daylight between Jimmy's person and his saddle. "I often make him do that," he said complacently. "It gets one accustomed to the feeling, you know."

"But you mustn't thrash your pony without any reason, my boy," remonstrated my uncle.

"Oh, Lord bless your soul, he don't mind!" returned Jimmy; "he knows it's all fun. I say, Cousin Charley," he went on, "will you teach me how to jump? Grandfather said I wasn't to try till you came."

"All right," said I; "I'll give you some lessons. Canter on ahead now, and let us see how you sit."

We had ridden away from the station by this time, and I sent Jimmy on in front not so much in order to criticise his seat as to get the opportunity of saying a word or two to my uncle.

"He isn't a bad little chap, is he?" I began, as soon as the boy was out of ear-shot.

"He is a good boy and a plucky boy, thank God!" replied my uncle. "He seems to have associated with some odd companions, and he has picked up a few expressions which are hardly suited for the drawing-room; but he is so quick that I dare say he will soon learn the manners of civilised society. Shall we trot on after him now? I don't like him to be left quite alone."

It was evident that my uncle did not wish to be questioned. I forbore, therefore, to make any inquiries about Harry, and we pushed on towards the house, Jimmy undertaking the lion's share of the conversation.

As we approached, four persons strolled across the lawn to meet us. First came the General, then Mrs. Farquhar and Paulina, finally Harry, with his hands in his pockets and a straw hat on the back of his head. All these, with the exception of Mrs. Farquhar, whose manner was cold and distant, welcomed me as cordially as I could have wished; but I had a disagreeable sensation of being treated like a guest in my own home, and I availed myself of the first pretext to slip away to the stables, where I was greeted with a silent and respectful sympathy scarcely less hard to bear than Mrs. Farquhar's politeness. Abdications would perhaps be more frequent if they did not almost necessarily imply exile.

I confess that I had some bitter thoughts to keep me company while I dressed for dinner. I loved Thirby, as I suppose that every one must love the home of his childhood, and I had only just realised that Thirby could never be my home any more. As long as my uncle lived, I should, no doubt, be free to use his house as my own; but it would not be in his power to give me the privileges of an heir presumptive. An heir apparent had replaced me. It was he who would henceforth give instructions to Bunce (not that Bunce ever obeyed instructions; but that was neither here nor there). It was he who would receive the neighbours—supposing always that the neighbours consented to receive him. It was to him that the tenants, the gardener, and the bailiff would address themselves with regard to those minor matters which had hitherto fallen within my province, while I must stand and look on. I am not, that I know of, less magnanimous than another; but I felt that such a state of things would be simply intolerable, and that the same roof could not long shelter Harry and me. I went downstairs, however, resolved to put a good face, upon it and to let no one detect the mortification of which I was very properly ashamed.

(To be continued)



"DON JOHN OF AUSTRIA, OR PASSAGES FROM THE HISTORY OF THE SIXTEENTH CENTURY, 1547-1578," by the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell, Bart. (Longmans, Green, and Co.). The recent Luther celebration has brought afresh to the English mind the events of the sixteenth century already popularised by Morley, Prescott, D'Aubigné, and Mr. Froude. This work is another valuable contribution to the store of information already at the disposal of the public. Don John of Austria was associated in history with the pacification of the Moriscos, or subdued and Christianised Moors of Granada, with the naval conflict with Turkey, signalled as it was by the "crowning victory" of Lepanto, and with the Government of the Netherlands, when the long conflict between those countries and Spain was still in its youth or had hardly well begun. "Don John of Austria" is written in a pleasing, graceful, and self-contained style. Moreover, its author, well qualified as he was to deal with his subject, has spared no pains to render his work complete, and to enable the intelligent reader to realise Spanish military, political, and religious life in the time of Philip II. The two volumes which make up this history are not only lavishly provided with engravings from portraits and statues of the age, but the initial letters and devices at the end of the chapters are facsimiles taken from ancient specimens of the printer's art, remarkable for their beauty, and possessed of the charm of rarity. The portions of the late Sir William Stirling Maxwell's work which deal with the naval armaments of the date of the Armada, and with the much disputed question of the rights and wrongs in the famous antagonism between Philip II. and his son, Don Carlos, are especially worthy of perusal. This work is well and carefully written, tastefully adorned, excellently printed, and is an invaluable contribution to the history of the period with which it professes to deal.

"Without God, Negative Science and Natural Ethics," by Percy Greg, author of "The Devil's Advocate," "Across the Zodiac" (Hurst and Blackett). Under the form of conversation Mr. Greg discusses the various schools of anti-Christian speculation. "That form," he says, "is in some cases especially suited to represent the one conviction I have reached—that there is still a great deal to be said on both sides of the question; a fact too generally overlooked. In a still greater number of instances it affords the best way of putting objections, or of showing where I think that defects of proof or exaggerated inferences may be found in arguments, whose general tendency it is impossible to controvert." The following quotation will serve to show that Mr. Greg is still a pessimist: "I do believe that for the present all seems to be going to the worse in this worst of all intelligible worlds." Not only is he hopeless of the tendency of the scepticism of the age, but he views with alarm the progress of the democratic idea, and declares frankly, "I care more for a dozen great independent individual minds than for all the millions of a populace like that of France or America; millions of a few low types, whose aim and tendency is to repress independence and to crush out individuality." "A democratic age," he goes on, "is impatient of all authority from that of the father and husband to that of the Prince and the Church." He sees nothing but social degeneracy from the spread of Agnosticism and Positivism. The existence of God, the claims of Moses, of Our Lord, of Mahomet to be divine teachers, conscience, creation, miracles, the effect on morality of divine sanctions or of their absence, the philosophy of the late Professor Clifford, in a word all those anxious questions that concern the intellectual and spiritual nature of man are clearly and fully discussed by Lestranger, Cleveland, Merton, Sterne, and Vere, who approach each thorny subject from the point of view of their respective schools of thought. Of the effect of belief on character a remark of Cleveland's is worth noticing: "A man of five-and-forty with a family, with duties, with fixed habits, with ties from which he can only loose himself by a violent and painful effort, with responsibilities he cannot wholly shake off, will probably go on to the end as he has begun, whatever his opinions may now be. But the man who has the world before him, who has to choose a life of steady, decorous, social service, a life in and with others, or one of independent, unburdened, unrestrained selfishness will be governed very largely by his conception of existence." The book is an interesting reproduction of current controversy. There will be many, however, who will be disposed to join issue with the author on the question of the form in which he has given his work to the public. It may be doubted, also, if Faith is so scarce in the earth as Mr. Greg thinks, although speculation may be rife.

"My Grandfather's Pocket-Book," by the Rev. Henry John Wale (Chapman and Hall). Mr. Wale having by accident become the possessor of numerous memoranda left by an ancestor who was born in 1701, has arranged and given them to the public. His

object in publishing this book, he tells us, was to give the reader "in the hour of relaxation the same pleasure it has given me, in contrasting our present modes of life and that of the days of our forefathers." Altogether he offers us a very entertaining glimpse of the inner eighteenth-century life. Mr. Thomas Wale, the grandfather whose pocket-book has been rifled to so much purpose by his descendant, was not only a man of business but fond of literature; and chronicled just those small incidents that throw an interesting light upon the past. The great-grandfather seems also to have been a man prone to chronicle events that appeared to him to deserve it. "May ye 13th, 1701.—Agreed with Steward Bradley to wind my clocks for 1s. 6d. per month, but if yit be too hard a bargain 20s. per ann. paid 4 days before Whit-Sunday. 7ber ye 15th, 1701.—Wagered with Von Poddall a bottle of wine yf my next child will be a boy." The "grandfather" was a very successful Russian merchant, and gives some entertaining details of Russian life in the reign of Catherine. The cost of living in the last century is treated of freely. Recipes for shrub and usquebaugh are interspersed with quotations from the poets and information such as this:—"9ber 7th, 1775.—Sutton Butcher at Harson, bought of him this day a cow, which is expected to calf before Xmas, and then received the same at the price of 7l." Altogether, "My Grandfather's Pocket-Book" is both amusing and instructive, and the author will obtain the thanks of most readers.

"Eugène Fromentin, Painter and Writer," by M. Louis Gouse; translated by Mary Caroline Robbins. This is a well-arranged sketch of the eminent landscape painter and *littérateur*, whose fame suffered, perhaps, by his death at the comparatively early age of fifty-seven. Fromentin was passionately attached to the Dutch school of painting, and this fact influenced probably his Algerian studies. M. Gouse gives considerable space to the productions of Fromentin's pen; and what will be far more interesting to many readers and publishers, copious extracts from the correspondence of the distinguished artist with George Sand. The work is adorned with several facsimiles of pencil-drawings and paintings by Fromentin. The Arab sketches, it is needless to say, are well done.

"Among the Indians of Guiana," by Everard im Thurn, M.A., Oxon. (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). This is most certainly one of the best books that has been written on Guiana, perhaps, on tropical life generally. Mr. im Thurn brings to his work thorough knowledge of his subject, a generous enthusiasm for the beauties of the scenery he describes, and he possesses also the great advantage of a singularly clear and graceful style. He contrives to convey to the reader something of the atmosphere of the Sun-lands. He has given a very practical guarantee of the genuineness of his attachment to the country where Raleigh figured to himself the El Dorado, by making his home among the Indians as Special Magistrate on the Pomeroon River. Thus he describes the Kaieteur Ravine:—"If the whole valley of the Potaro is Fairy-land, then the Kaieteur Ravine is the penetralia of Fairy-land. Here, owing to the moisture-collecting nature of the sand-stone rock, the green of the plant world seems yet greener and more varied. Under the thick shade countless streamlets trickled over little ledges of rock, among pigmy forests of filmy ferns and mosses. The small, plume-like tufts of tree-ferns, each formed of many half-transparent fronds of a dark, cool-looking green colour, were exquisite. Larger ferns, with a crowd of aroids, orchids, and other plants covered the rocks between these streams in new and marvellous luxuriance." Of the Kaieteur Fall he says:—"Lying at full length on the ground, head over the edge of the cliff, I gazed down. Then, and only then, the splendid, and in the most solemn sense of the word, awful beauty of the Kaieteur burst upon me. Seven hundred and fifty feet below, encircled by black boulders, lay a great pool into which the column of white water, graceful as a ceaseless flight of innumerable rockets, thundered from my side. Behind the fall, through the thinnest parts of the veil of foam and mist, the great black cavern made the white of the water look yet more white." The dresses, the language, the superstitions, and the habits of the Indians are all skilfully described in a way that indicates a trained and sympathetic writer. To the library of the anthropologist this book will be an invaluable addition. Agriculturists, too, will be glad to hear what Mr. im Thurn has to say of the cattle-rearing capabilities of the savannahs in the far interior of Guiana; and by all those who take an interest in Equatorial life, whether animal or floral, this work will be appreciated as it well deserves to be.

"The Organs of Speech," by Georg Hermann von Meyer (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). This is a very formidable book for the general reader. It deals with the formation of articulate sounds by the voluntary control of the air currents that pass to and from the lungs and the mouth. It is impossible to convey in a short notice any adequate conception of what is a valuable scientific work. Its chief use will be for those engaged in philological inquiry, and there can be no doubt that it is a substantial addition to the "International Scientific Series."

"Fallacies: a View of Logic from the Practical Side," by Alfred Sidgwick, B.A. Oxon., Berkeley Fellow of the Owens College, Manchester (Kegan Paul, Trench, and Co.). This is another contribution to the "International Scientific Series" which has now attained the formidable total of forty-eight volumes. It is a well-meant attempt to popularise logic. To some extent the work is controversial, since it defends the art or science from the objections raised to it, on grounds of common sense and practical utility. It may be doubted, however, whether fallacious reasoning will be any the less common for the aids to detection given so elaborately by Mr. Sidgwick. The book is carefully written, and was necessary, perhaps, to the completeness of the "International Scientific Series;" but the subject is not one that is easily made interesting to the general reader.

"Notes on the Caucasus," by "Wanderer" (Macmillan and Co.). This is a very rarely-written book of travel and adventure in the Asiatic borderland of Turkey and Russia. "Wanderer" seems to have "done" the Caucasus in a very thoroughgoing fashion, and he evidently did not shrink from the hard work necessary to an active observer in a wild country. As he understood Turkish, French, and Russian, and as his English guide, "Freddie," was master of Georgian and German, "Wanderer" was able to communicate freely with individuals of the heterogeneous collection of races that are to be found in the country about Tiflis. "Wanderer" has no very high opinion of Russian officers and civilians, he gives several amusing stories of the barefaced corruption practised among them, and compares the civilisation of Russia generally to that of England two centuries ago. He takes a favourable view of the colonies of Suabians, and the settlements of the Dukabors, the Russian Quietists who were exiled to the Turkish frontier by the Emperor Nicholas. He treats thus of the Armenian demand for autonomy, and compares that people with the subject races of Hindostan:—"In Russian Armenia and the Caucasus we find half-a-dozen other native races, any one of which could thrash the Armenians, and not one of which would consequently submit for a moment to their supremacy, especially as the Armenians are very generally unpopular. In fact, if the Russians withdrew from the Caucasus, which they are rather less likely to do than we are to withdraw from Calcutta and Bombay, the Armenians would be excessively fortunate if they escaped with their lives, and say one-third of their property. This propensity of subject races 'to get fat and kick' is most astounding. A Parsee or Bengali Baboo evidently believes that if there were no English in India he would, from his superior civilisation, be somehow at the top of the tree." "Notes on the Caucasus" should have been provided with a map. "Wanderer's" book would be also none the less interesting if he had more successfully resisted his *penchant* for slang.

For some years past photographic albums with ornamental borders have been growing in favour, and Messrs. Marion and Co., of Soho Square, have taken advantage of the fact that of all professions that of the soldier is the most picturesque to publish an album illustrated with scenes of military life. Several of these coloured engravings, which are noteworthy for their spirit and accuracy, are from drawings by Mr. O. Norie, whose skill in this department is well known and appreciated; and this volume, which is entitled "The British Army Album," and which altogether stands in the first rank of Christmas gift books, is appropriately dedicated, by permission, to H.R.H. the Duke of Cambridge.

An author has usually attained a high degree of appreciation when his works are published in miniature volumes, enclosed in a neat case. Till lately few English-speaking authors had reached this high-water-mark of popularity. Shakespeare, Scott, Tennyson, and Longfellow may be cited as specimens. Mr. Henry James, the American novelist, has now been added to this academical group, Messrs. Macmillan and Co. having published his novels in fourteen darling little volumes (excuse the feminine epithet, it is meant to express enthusiasm). The type and paper are excellent, and every young lady can now carry her James in her travelling trunk.

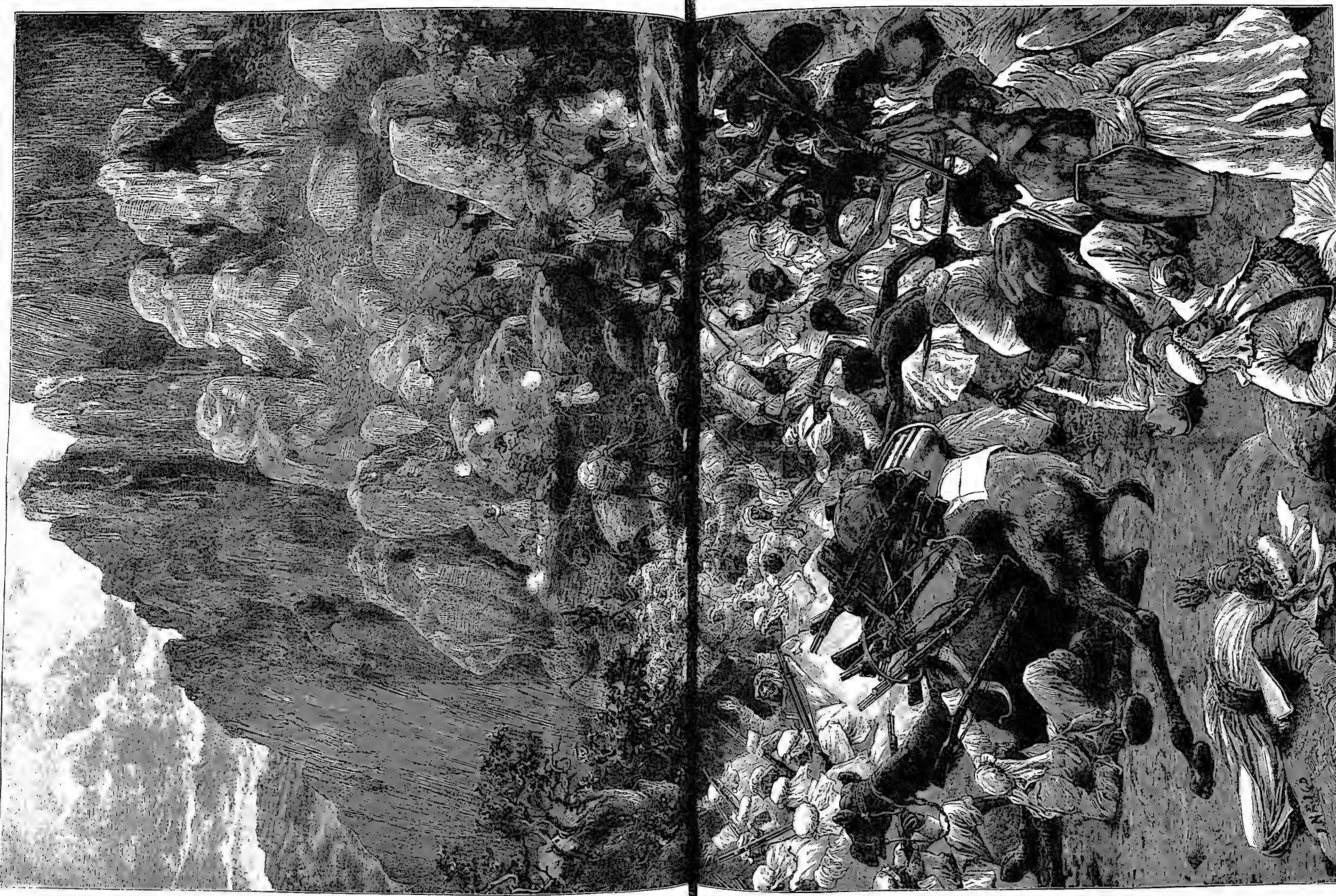
"The Catalogue of Wigs," published by Mr. C. H. Fox, of Russell Street, Covent Garden, will be read with interest by many professors and admirers of the dramatic art. It is embellished with a series of engravings illustrating all sorts of stage wigs, and the preliminary advice to amateurs on the art of making up, &c., is well worthy of attention. Judging from this book, actors and actresses rarely appear in their own hair, and Mr. Fox gives a list of thirteen dramatic companies to whom within eight weeks he supplied no less than four thousand and thirty-eight wigs! We are so astonished that we can but ejaculate, "My wig!"



"ALL IN A GARDEN FAIR" (3 vols.: Chatto and Windus) is among the most finished of Mr. Besant's works, as well as among the most characteristic of its author. Without having any very strong central interest, such as created the success of "All Sorts and Conditions of Men"—a romance, by the way, well worth re-reading in relation to the great problem of great cities—the personal interests which it excites are remarkably keen and varied. The story opens in midst of a whimsically-invented colony in Hainault Forest (the Hainault of Essex, not of the Low Countries) composed of City men who have failed, and where comparative aristocracy is measured by each denizen's largeness of liabilities and smallness of composition. We are not sure whether Mr. Besant employs this notion for the first time; but, at any rate, he has developed it with excellent humour into unpleasantly suggestive satire. In, but not of, this curious colony, with its peculiar customs and distorted ideas, is a brilliantly-portrayed French teacher, of sublime social and political aspirations, whose charming daughter becomes a sort of prize for whichever among these heroes becomes best fitted to do great work in a world which calls less and less for self-culture, and more and more for action and energy. Of the Frenchman's three pupils, his favourite, Alan, though becoming brilliantly successful in literature, gives occasion to a pathetically told lamentation that in trying to create a Luther he had only created a Lamartine. Alan, moreover, becomes himself the hero of an episode no less pathetic for its very grotesqueness, when, in all the glory of youth and conscious genius, he is driven by want of means to edit an organ of the leather trade. Without entering into the story, which must be permitted to tell itself, we have said enough to show the general character of Mr. Besant's latest novel, with its piquant combination of humorous pathos, kindness, and satire. The story, moreover, is good in itself, and would have been effective even with inferior skill. Nevertheless it has one serious defect—with all its excellence of construction, and its vivid contrasts of character, it certainly lacks reality. We are never made to feel that the persons with whom it deals are other than creations of a very clever pen; and something more is wanted than cleverness to make blood out of ink and flesh out of paper.

An air of unreality also attaches to Mrs. Leith Adams's "Geoffrey Stirling" (3 vols.: Chapman and Hall). The cause, however, lies not in any want of the faculty for producing realistic effects as in a curious mismanagement of the minor details, and in the theatrical colours wherewith the characters are painted. The characters think, speak, and act with little reference to the conditions of life, and devote themselves entirely to displaying their feelings and passions, such as persons off the stage, where such breadth of effect is demanded, never do. On the stage, reality can be given by the actor; in a novel it can be given only by methods which have no place on the stage. Apart from its vague and theatrical character, however, the novel is full of power, which especially displays itself in set scenes. Hester Devenant, the woman whose whole soul is given over to revenge, is a really fine creation. In her portraiture Mrs. Adams does not merely play with passion, or merely write about it, but really lets it act itself out—indeed, it would be harder to say how a baffled hunger for vengeance could be more picturesquely displayed. Geoffrey Stirling himself is less comprehensible, either in his motives for crime or in the form of remorse that formed his punishment. No doubt the best of men is as capable of yielding to overmastering temptation as the worst, but explanation is no less certainly needed where nobility of nature is made to accompany a long career of elaborate fraud and unscrupulous cruelty. Any misunderstanding of Geoffrey's character must, of course, be made accountable to Mrs. Adams. From what we have said it will be gathered that the novel is exceedingly unequal. But its best portions are admirable, and a very little care would easily have brought up the remainder fairly towards the same level. In the matter of style, the authoress has decidedly improved; in the matter of healthiness of tone and loftiness of purpose her former works left no room for improvement. Though she has written better novels, separate parts of "Geoffrey Stirling" must nevertheless be considered as equal to the best work she has ever done.

It is curious in these days to come upon a minute account of life in a Yorkshire school of the date of Dotheboys Hall. This, however, is the *raison d'être* of "Grumbleby Hall," by E. Lloyd (3 vols.: Remington and Co.). In his preface the author states that the work is not one of mere fiction, but that almost every incident is identified with the personal experiences of the author, and that, extravagant as some of the scenes may appear, the story is in the main a relation of facts. That is perhaps the principal reason for the effect of unreality which characterises this story also no less than the two former. Imagination has far more than truth to do with giving an air of reality even to facts themselves. Mr. Lloyd's experiences among all sorts of people are exceedingly like recollections of Dickens, minus the fun; and indeed not much fun is likely to have been left in an author who has had actual experience of a Grumbleby Hall. Though the work is heavy to read, it has the merit of proving that the evil things in any given generation need cause nobody to despair. Perhaps some of our social monstrosities will be as incredible to our children as a Grumbleby or a Dotheboys Hall is to ourselves.



THE SOUDAN EXPEDITION—THE DEFEAT OF EGYPTIAN REINFORCEMENTS BY THE
REBELS IN A MOUNTAIN DEFILE NEAR SOUAKIM, OCT. 18

FROM A SKETCH BY COLONEL THE HON. J. COLBORNE, ONE OF THE BRITISH OFFICERS WITH HICKS PASHA'S SOUDAN FIELD FORCE



Most of our readers have by this time arranged their outdoor attire for the winter, at all events until after Christmas; breakfast-gowns, tea-gowns, dinner costumes, demi, and full-dress toilettes occupy their attention both for town and country visiting. With the exception of a fancy bazaar or morning concert, daylight festivities are well-nigh over, hence various costumes must be chiefly arranged for gaslight, or the still more searching electric light.

For the really useful breakfast dress when the wearer is obliged to rise early in order to preside at the morning meal of father, husband, or brother, and to send them out warmed and well-fed, there is no more comfortable garment than a twilled flannel gown, made with a Watteau pleat, and simply trimmed with quillings of the same material; neat linen or muslin collar and cuffs; either a deep red or Indian pattern should be chosen for these dark mornings, as all the various shades of dull grey have a cold effect. A black cashmere piped and trimmed with amber, pink, red, or blue, with loops of satin ribbon on the front and shoulder to match, has a warm, cheerful effect. For a young matron a dainty little silk or velvet Alsation cap looks well in chill morning-tide. For those favoured individuals who only exchange one well-warmed room for another, and have no domestic duties to perform, a great variety of stylish breakfast-gowns have been prepared in cashmere, trimmed with plush or velvet, and a profusion of real or imitation lace; for the latter antique Valenciennes is very fashionable both for morning and evening wear. Three breakfast-gowns for a wedding trousseau were made. One was of cream-coloured short pile plush, with a plastron of coral-pink Surah silk and Mauresque lace; a second was of garnet-coloured cashmere, with robings of satin, and narrow frills of alternate satin and lace; a third was of apricot-coloured Surah silk, profusely trimmed with Eastern embroidery in the most vivid colours. By the way, short cut pile plush is much more durable and prettier than the long pile, which is very perishable. The new silk embroidery on flannel is now much used for trimming not only breakfast dresses, but also children's frocks and petticoats. A novelty of the season for trimming is of feathers dyed to match any colour. It is made into shoulder capes and bands for the dress and tunic, also for fancy muffs; it is a costly material, and not likely to become common this winter. Marabout trimming is very much worn for breakfast and tea-gowns on silk, satin, or plush. Chenille, both for embroidery and fringe, has lost none of its popularity. Although young girls still continue to wear short dresses, no sooner do they pass from their teens than they adopt the graceful train skirt, *bien entendu* not for walking dresses, which are worn to well clear the ground, but for dinner or evening costumes. We candidly own that the return of this graceful addition to the toilette, which at one time was seriously threatened with banishment, is very agreeable to our eyes. For dinner and demi-toilette the train is made about three-quarters of a yard long; when needed for a black dress it is well to have it detached, to be fastened under the tunic or at the waist; a silk dress with a jet-trimmed tablier may have a waterfall back to be fastened on to the front under a quilled lace frilling, and this may be exchanged for a plain or brocaded velvet train; this is very easily managed by a skilful dressmaker, but unless neatly and firmly arranged it is apt to get out of order and gape open.

The *Revue de la Mode* recently gave a remarkably elegant toilette designed by Gustav Janet; it was made in French *faillie*, brocaded velvet, and plain velvet. The petticoat was of moss-green *faillie*, with front draperies; a low waistcoat was carried on down the sides in panels of velvet brocaded in flowers, richly and artistically shaded, of the same colour as the foundation. The half-high corsage was cut square, and trimmed with white guipure lace, embroidered in gold thread; the train and corsage were cut in the Princess shape, of rich velvet, and made quite plain at the back; a spray of real geraniums or pompons on the left shoulder. This design may be carried out in a variety of materials and combinations. For example, in steel grey plush and crimson satin, in claret-coloured poplin and pink or blue Surah silk; in black velvet or apricot-coloured Irish poplin, trimmed with real antique Irish point it looks superb.

Velvet is as popular as ever, if not more so, and will continue to be worn during the winter for all times and seasons. True it is that plush is a somewhat formidable rival for public favour, but when used for entire costumes it soon assumes a shiny appearance.

"Anything for a change" is the constant cry, otherwise we should never have seen such an ungraceful accessory to the toilette as the Russian blouse chemisette, for which there is just now quite a rage; it makes a stout figure look like a pouter pigeon, and is only endurable upon no figure at all, simply a flat expanse. Many a very elegant toilette is spoiled by this ugly chemisette; it is made of muslin, silk gauze, or net, *crêpe*, or soft silk, gathered into a band at the throat and waist, and then left to hang down in a loose bag.

A very pretty revival for young people is the small Swiss bodice made in black velvet, or in a very dark shade, worn with a high bodice of fine muslin, tulle, or spotted net; sometimes ribbon braces and shoulder knots are used, at others a narrow gold fringe edges the top and the round or pointed waist. This bodice may be worn with a variety of skirts; for example, a cream-coloured gauze, embroidered in showy floral designs of silk, either of a darker shade than the foundation, or in their natural colours; with this should be worn a plain cream white silk petticoat and a thick ruching of gauze, edged with gold thread. Another skirt may consist of five or six skirts of deep red tulle, edged with tiny gold pompons. A third of pale blue, pink, green, or apricot-coloured *crêpe*, arranged in flat scalloped flounces, lightly embroidered in white filloselle, silver, or gold, graduated in width from about nine to three inches, alternately with antique Valenciennes gathered flounces, also graduated. The back of the skirt should be arranged in close pleats of *crêpe*, veiling the flounces. A black gauze and velvet skirt trimmed with jet pompons and sequins will be found very useful; with that should be worn a black Spanish lace chemisette, and short or long sleeves, and a floral collarette and braces of small roses, pink or red, or of forget-me-nots; the gold fringe on the bodice should be replaced *pro tem*, by a thick fringe of jet.

Those of our readers who are delicate, and obliged to wear high warm dresses, will find a charming variety of *fichus* which can be made to look very stylish. Cream gauze, spotted with chenille, arranged in soft folds and gathers, with satin bows. In cream or apricot silk, Indian gauze, edged with Mauresque lace, with a long spray of flower, or a shoulder-knot in loops of satin, faced with plush ribbon. A very pretty *fichu* is made of lace almost covering the front of the bodice, and a square lace collar at the back.

Fancy vests of every description are very much worn both for day and evening; for the former they are simple and quiet, for the latter some are very elaborate, in white or delicate tinted satin, stiff with gold or silver embroidery, sometimes mixed with pearls.

As a rule it is not well for young people to wrap up one day and to leave off the said wraps the next day, but in winter there are times when, although suffering from a severe chill, there is some special inducement for venturing into the drawing-room when a warm bed would be a more suitable place. A French contemporary thus describes a charming and snug wrap for the above occasion:—"A mantille-pelerine, very short, in red satin, trimmed with chenille, and fastened at the side with a large rosette of red blonde;

a sort of scarf of chenille comes from the back of the pelerine, is crossed under the arm, and is fastened in front with a bow of satin ribbon; a bow to match is placed on the shoulder. This pelerine may be made in plush or velvet, in any bright colour, and should be lined with eider down. A muff to match should form a part of this fancy costume for an invalid."

There is no specially new shade or colour for this month—a whole gamut of greens of every shade, more especially moss and olive, still holds its ground; the brightest of scarlets, the veritable Cardinal's robes colour, an endless variety of rich browns and bronzes; greys, from a thunder-cloud shade to a silver lining, blues of the same varied hues, and yellows—from orange to cream. Just a few of the new names will suffice, "Jamaica Rum," "Trunk of Tree," "Beech-Tree Leaf," and "Ox Blood," &c.

Opera cloaks are very handsome and costly this season, made of brocaded silk or velvet, of plush and Ottoman silks, elaborately embroidered and trimmed with marabout feathers or chenille fringe, they are for the most part in white, cream, or apricot-colour; but Italian cashmeres, trimmed with sable tails, if a trifle more expensive to start with, are certainly very much more durable than the delicate whites and creams which look so charming when quite new, but so soon lose their freshness.

We must say a few words as to the pretty frocks and pelisses prepared for the little ones, who are always to the fore at Christmas. We were recently shown some of the daintiest little costumes for the *Bébé*s that could be imagined. A cloak for an infant, of cream satin and lace, arranged at the edge in battlements fitted in with quilled lace, a hood to match. For a baby of a year old the warmest of pelisses made of a material called "bear," all white wool, which cleans again and again. A pelisse of fine cashmere, cream colour, and trimmed profusely with lace, a coquettish little bonnet to match. Most uncommon of all was an olive green short pile plush pelisse, a particularly pretty shade, intended for a damsel about three years old; with this was to be worn a tiny shoulder cape of the new feather material, and a cream-coloured plush hat and feathers. The same costume was repeated in ruby colour.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS

THE Winter Exhibition at the Suffolk Street Gallery contains at least an average amount of interesting matter, the most attractive works being, as usual, by the younger members of the Society. A large picture representing a nude female "Dancer," by Mr. Arthur Hill, occupies a prominent place in the large room. The figure cannot be regarded as an example of abstract beauty of form, but it displays learned draughtsmanship and sound modelling. The subject is appropriately treated in a simple decorative style. The same good qualities are to be seen in the artist's half-length figure in classical attire, called "The Bracelet." The attitude of the girl might, however, have been advantageously more graceful, and her head more beautiful. Mr. W. Dendy Sadler's "As Happy as the Day is Long" represents, on a larger scale than the subject justifies, an aged and enthusiastic angler taking a fish from his hook. The man's head is full of character, and humorously expressive, but his hands are abnormally large, and the prevailing tone of the picture is lurid and oppressive. We have seen nothing by Mr. Carlton A. Smith so good as the picturesque rustic interior, with a young girl and a very aged woman at work on fishing-nets, called "Regret." The figures are natural in attitude and expression, and the picture is remarkable besides for its broad and truthful illumination, its firm handling, and sober harmony of tone. Scarcely inferior to this in technical qualities is the artist's second picture, called "The Waur o' the Wear." Judging from the gestures of the figures, he has endeavoured to invest the work with dramatic interest. He has, however, entirely failed to make his purpose obvious, and the title in no degree assists in elucidating the mystery. Mr. Haynes King sends an agreeable little picture of humble domestic life, "Getting Granny's Opinion." The simple incident is clearly set forth, and the work leaves little to be desired as regards composition, colour, or keeping. Very ably executed, too, and full of unaffected domestic sentiment, is "The Watcher," by Miss M. Brooks, representing a young girl patiently sitting by a bedside. A larger picture by this artist, "The Wayfarers," is remarkable for its truth of rustic character as well as its harmony of low-toned colour and broad simplicity of effect.

"Helping Themselves" is the title of a large picture by Mr. J. S. Noble, representing two donkeys and a cart-horse deliberately munching turnips and green stuff. The animals have evidently been carefully studied from Nature, but the colour is somewhat crude, and the handling, though vigorous and effective, unnecessarily coarse in parts. Mr. G. A. Holms has a clever picture of a vivacious rough white dog, "No Pedigree;" and Mr. John Emms a characteristic group of Clumber spaniels, "Lunch Time," painted with his accustomed breadth and firmness. A small picture by Mr. John Charlton, "After a Good Run," representing a hunting party refreshing themselves at the door of a village ale-house, is well composed and full of animation. The human figures are scarcely less characteristic or less ably painted than the dogs or horses.

In a large and forcibly-painted landscape, "Twined; Evening," Mr. Leslie Thompson has succeeded in rendering the impression of a very evanescent atmospheric effect. His smaller works, "A Pastoral," and "Near Berwick-on-Tweed," are, however, more agreeable in colour, and more convincingly true to nature. Mr. A. G. Bell's "Looking Seawards," which occupies a much worse place than it deserves, is full of delicate gradations of sober colour, and strongly suggestive of space and air. A small picture of "Folkestone Harbour," by a comparatively unknown artist, Mr. Solomon J. Solomon, is noteworthy for its truth of aerial effect, and its fresh and unconventional mode of treatment. Mr. H. C. Fox sends a woodland scene, "La Chute des Feuilles," in which all the complicated ramifications of the slender birch trees are faithfully rendered; and Mr. S. G. Rowe a low-toned landscape "A Cloudy Summer Eve," forcibly painted and strikingly suggestive of nature. Among many good pictures of small size by young artists whose names are not yet familiar to the public, are Mr. E. Elliot's "On the Bure, Norfolk," Miss Nevillia Parker's "Noon on the Gower Coast," an excellent water-colour study, "Trawlers in a Calm," by Nora Davison, and a luminous sketch of a "Canal, Venice," by M. K. Ingram.

CHRISTMAS CARDS, &c.—Some very pretty Christmas and New Year's Cards from Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co. have reached us. Some of the flower and fern designs are especially noticeable, as also the "butterfly" cards; while there are no lack of amusing subjects for children. Messrs. John Walker and Co. send us some more pretentious cards on silk, satin, and ivory—complete *cartes de luxe*; while Messrs. J. F. Schipper and Co. forward some capital floral designs, many sufficiently large and well executed to be worthy of preservation in a frame. Nor are the little folk neglected in this parcel, as there is an amusing series of a cat's banquet, entitled "Our Fussies' Party," and some good illustrations of children in fancy costume. We have also received some of the latest novelties in Christmas crackers from those energetic purveyors of those explosives which are now considered to be indispensable adjuncts to a supper party, Messrs. Tom Smith and Co. They are fully up to the mark of past years, and the same may be said of some Christmas Cosques which we have received from Messrs. G. Sparagnapane and Co.

CHRISTMAS BOOKS

V.

A FIVE-YEAR-OLD CRITIC, of a decidedly bookish bent, turned away the other day from a pile of high-art picture-books of the Greenaway school, and declared "Those are all about stupid babies, show me something funny." And, indeed, too often now the illustrated books for little people are better relished by their elders, as children mostly prefer "a picture with a story" to the most graceful and artistic drawing attached to uninteresting verses. Now there is really something to fix childish attention in Miss E. Houghton and Mr. T. Crane's "London Town" (Marcus Ward). Though hardly so pretty or novel as their "Abroad" of last year, "London Town" shows the same clever fancy and quick eye for idealising every-day objects and events while retaining truth to Nature, and amusingly represents the many sights and characters of the metropolis, from Westminster Abbey to the Zoo, from the dustman to the beekeeper. On a less elaborate scale, "So Happy," by "E. O. A." (Dean), recording in picture and verse a day in two small beings' life, is also attractive and nicely got-up, having tasteful fly-leaf for inserting the owner's name. Its companion, "At the Mother's Knee," by M. J. Tilsley (Dean), is not so good—witness the ungainly personage intended for an affectionate father in church—but the further stories added to the same publishers' small "Rose and Lily Series" are particularly well illustrated. Perhaps, however, children will like best those comic types of animal life which Mr. Gordon Browne has cleverly hit off in "Cheep and Chatter" (Blackie), and which Miss Banks pleasantly accompanies with stories of wood and field, each containing an unobtrusive lesson. There is a perfect treasury of picture-love in "Daisy Dimples' Scrap Book" (Cassell), with its manifold excellent engravings of a wide range of subjects, and yet another collection of outlines to colour, is the "Afternoon Tea Painting Book" (Warne), culled by J. G. Sowerby and H. H. Emerson from their previous productions. Quite as amusing for the little ones as many play books is the useful compilation of easy lessons popularly taught by picture and story, "The Child's Instructor" (Ward, Lock). Providing elementary knowledge on nearly every needful subject these lessons put facts in most attractive form, and the pictures will bring the teaching home to slow brains.

Instruction in popular form is also the object of our next quintette. Messrs. Dean's chromo illustrations are the worst features of their satisfactory biographies, "Notable Exploits," by E. N. Marks, and "Heroines Worthy of the Red Cross," the former being curt sketches of Admiral Blake, Sir Walter Raleigh, and John Frederick, Elector of Saxony; the latter outlining the careers of Florence Nightingale, Elizabeth Bunyan, and Mrs. Fry. Another biographical volume, "Celebrated Dunces," by Tom Brown (Sunday School Union), details the unpromising beginnings of such famous men as Watt, Wilkie, Goldsmith, Howard, &c., but the author does not always justify the claim of his subjects to the title of dunce. Passing from man himself to the globe he lives upon, Mr. J. Crowther in "The Unwritten Record" (same publishers) places sundry dry and difficult geological facts in a clear comprehensible light, and if he is at times too speculative his accounts of natural phenomena are thoroughly interesting. But why not cut some of his remarks shorter? A sentence twenty lines long is worthy of a prosy Teuton. For younger readers Mr. Crowther furnishes some simple natural history stories as "Uncle James Sketch Book" (Sunday School Union).

"The Raven," by Edgar Allan Poe, illustrated by Gustave Doré (London: Sampson Low and Co.).—As almost the last work from the hands of the well-known French artist, this volume possesses an exceptional interest; but in other respects it is by no means an attractive specimen of his powers. It is, indeed, full of his worst faults as an illustrator. The designs are stagey, and, with one or two exceptions, sadly lacking in that inventiveness which was the characteristic of M. Doré when he produced the "Don Quixote" and the "Inferno."

"Ye Jackdaw of Rheims," illustrated by E. M. Jessop (London: Eyre and Spottiswoode), is a very cleverly executed piece of work, in which there is much good drawing and great boldness and breadth of design. The gem of the collection is perhaps the wretched Jackdaw as he appeared when feeling the full effects of the Cardinal's curse.—"Prince Pertinax: a Fairy Tale," by Mrs. George Hooper (London: Field and Tuer). This is a reprint of a story published twenty years ago, with drawings in sepia by the daughter of the authoress. These are quaintly and cleverly reproduced by the printers; but we cannot speak highly of their artistic merit.—Another oddity in the way of production from the same press is entitled "When is Your Birthday? A Year of Good Wishes," with twelve designs and sonnets, by E. J. Ellis. The drawings are ingenious; but the sonnets are a little thin. The binding, in its antique covering of loose soft leather, gives the volume quite a mediæval appearance.

"The Tablets of the Heart," by the Rev. Frederick Langbridge (London: Raphael Tuck and Son), is a very comprehensive and well-chosen selection of poems, rhymes, and aphorisms, domestic, social, complimentary, and amatory. The quotations range over a very wide field, including extracts from the works of Shakespeare, Tupper, Cardinal Newman, Walt Whitman, Lord Houghton, and C. E. Mudie.—"The Pharaohs and their People" and "The City in the Sea" (London: Seeley and Co.) are two beautiful volumes, instructive as well as entertaining, and admirably illustrated with illuminated plates.—"Our Young Folks' Plutarch," edited by Rosalie Kaufmann (London: W. H. Allen and Co.), is a good idea well carried out, and it should be a popular prize book.—"Picked Up at Sea," by J. C. Hutcheson, and "The Wigwam and the War Path," by Ascott R. Hope (London: Blackie and Co.), are two thorough-going Indian stories of the type ever welcome to boys. The illustrations, by Gordon Browne, are full of life and vigour, and give great promise of a future for the son of "Phiz."

"Blind Man's Holiday," by Annie Keary; "Only a Child," by M. A. Ellis; "Dick's Fairy," by Silas K. Hocking; and "Sidney Grey," by Annie Keary, are four attractive volumes published by Warne and Co. in their Juvenile Series. Bright, interesting, and wholesome, without being goody-goody.

"Krilof and his Fables," by W. R. S. Ralston; "Brave Lives and Noble" by C. L. Matéaux (London: Cassell and Co., Limited). The first of these is a reprint, being the fourth edition of a delightful book too little known, and very cleverly illustrated. The second is a recital of the lives of well-known heroes and philanthropists, tersely told and profusely illustrated.

"In a Corner of a Vineyard," by Isaac Pleydell, a North-country story not wanting in humour, spite of a somewhat uncouth dialect; "How It All Came Round," by L. T. Meade, a very good girls' book, with six excellent drawings by Robert Barnes, both volumes from Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton.

"Robin Hood," by Joseph Ritson (London: Routledge), is a collection of poems, songs, and ballads about the celebrated English outlaw, with thirty-two spirited drawings by Gordon Browne.

"Bible Forget-Me-Nots," "Golden Grain," and "Bible Hearts-ease" are three dainty little volumes, enclosed in a neat case, by Messrs. Marcus Ward and Co., for sale as a New Year's gift. Of the three, the "Forget-Me-Nots" is the most delicate and artistic.

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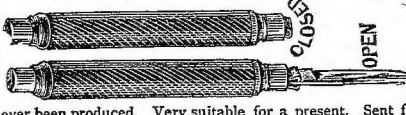
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